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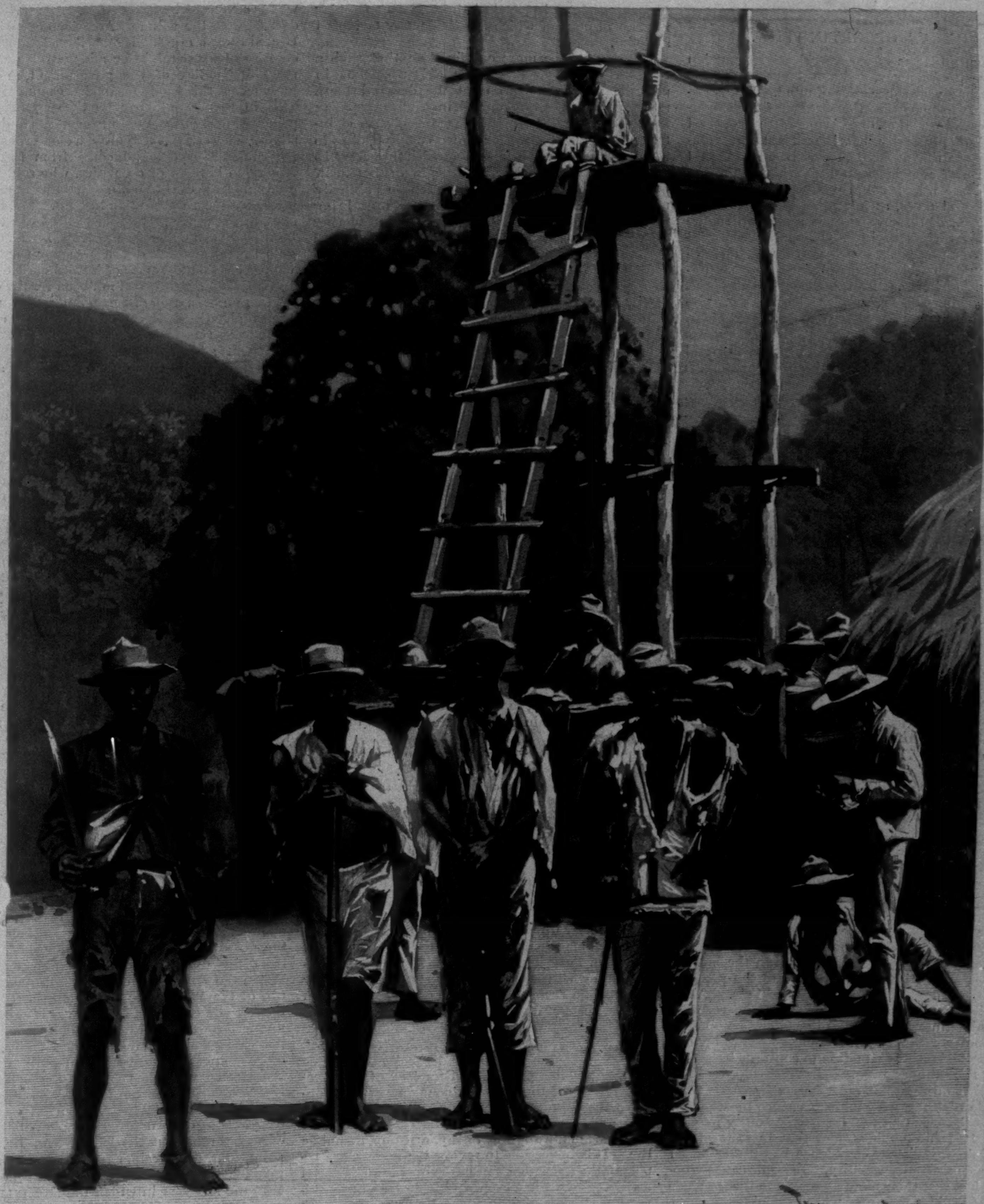

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS—A LOOKOUT TOWER IN THE MAESTRÁ MOUNTAINS.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a Photograph.—[See Page 42.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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GREAT OPPORTUNITIES.

THE enthusiasms of the Presidential campaign have passed away, and the American people are now in a very sober state of mind. It was unreasonable to hope that the victory of the sound-money cause would at once bring forth a general "boom" of prosperity, but it was not unreasonable to hope that it would result in a substantial restoration of confidence, and that this restoration of confidence would, if not produce a sudden outburst of good times, at least greatly facilitate the development of those conditions under which the prosperous revival of industrial and commercial activities is possible. The way in which confidence could be restored was obvious to every unprejudiced observer. It was clearly pointed out by the teachings of the Presidential campaign. The popular mind manifested extreme anxiety about the condition of our currency. This anxiety was so great that it overruled everything else. Untold thousands of citizens who had been so far zealous partisans threw party considerations to the winds in order to avert the danger of greater currency disorders. Zealous protectionists on the Republican side sought to bring the tariff question to the foreground as the main issue of the campaign, but they soon had to learn that the people would not listen to any tariff talk, and that only the discussion of the money question would hold the attention of the public. Thus the battle was fought and won upon the money issue. Nothing would therefore seem to be more natural than that the victors should make it their very first business to remove all disquieting uncertainties concerning the policy of the government as to the money question; for so long as such uncertainties hang over the country, confidence will not fully revive, and the return of prosperity will be precarious.

That the election of Mr. MCKINLEY was not a mere party victory is conceded on all hands. But it has put the Republicans in power, and the Republican party will be responsible for the outcome. The Republicans have no reason to complain of any unfair pretensions on the part of their allies in the contest. These allies ask for no offices or other rewards. They ask only that the accomplishment of the object for which the common battle was fought shall be made the first and principal business of those whom the common effort has put into power. It is all the more reasonable to ask this as only in this way the legitimate expectations of the people can be met; and, it may be added, only by meeting those legitimate expectations can the Republican party hope to maintain itself. The Republican party has been favored by exceptional good fortune. The dangers brought upon the country by the silver craze enabled it to become the champion of the public interest in the largest sense—a public interest appealing to the popular mind beyond all partisan considerations. As a party it can have no more promising opportunity. The public interest coincides in a singularly palpable manner with its own. It need only follow the obvious logic of the situation to continue its ascendency for an indefinite period.

Will it do this? It must be confessed that the attitude of leading Republicans since the election creates the fear that the great opportunity may be lost. It is an obvious fact that in spite of the sound-money victory confidence has not returned to the business community. It is an equally obvious fact that this is largely owing to the spectacle of wild politics presented by the Republican camp, which keep the popular mind in restless apprehension. We do not refer only to the Cuban flurry enacted in the Senate, although that is bad enough. That Senator CAMERON, nominally a Republican, but really a nondescript in political bankruptcy, should have caught at that sort of "patriotism" as a straw to save him from drowning, might be endured. But when an old party leader like Mr. SHERMAN, and other Senators prominent in the Republican party, show themselves capable of joining him in his frantic shouts, the thing becomes more serious. However, this gust of wind, after having done its temporary mischief, may be expected to pass away without permanent harm. More ominous are certain premonitory symptoms of what the future party policy may be. It might have been hoped that, according to the logic of the situation, the leading Republicans in Congress would have occupied themselves first and foremost with the most pressing of present problems—that of giving the country a sound monetary system. But treating this problem as of secondary importance, they have ostentatiously opened that old tariff grab-bag again, and call upon every one who wishes to put his hand into it to come to Washington, thus formally inviting that pressure of private greed which made such hodgepodge monstrosities of our former tariffs, and provoked those violent popular reactions to one of which the MCKINLEY tariff fell a victim.

Nothing can be more certain than that such a reaction will come again if the Republicans in power fail promptly to meet the demand for a thorough currency reform, and, instead, fritter away their time in dallying with the empty dream of international bimetallism, or do worse by yielding to the pressure of selfish interests which they have so wantonly invited, and embark again in that tariff policy which has already once been so pointedly rebuked. And such a reaction may now bring forth a confusion especially hazardous, considering the condition of the Democratic party. The so-called regular organization of that party, as it issued from the Chicago convention, represents a combination of revolutionary tendencies with the spirit of excessive partisanship. No good citizen can contemplate the possibility of its coming into power without utter dismay. The only hope of the Democracy, as it is historically known, rests with the sound-money Democrats who organized themselves as a national party at the Indianapolis convention. They are morally strong, for they stand upon one of the best platforms known in our political history, and they have attested their faith by their patriotic conduct. They are numerically very much stronger than they appeared in the election, for their very devotion to their principles led a large majority of them to make the defeat of the public enemy doubly sure by voting for the Republican candidates. Their alliance with the Republicans can only last so long as the Republicans faithfully serve the true object of their common struggle. Their public spirit and patriotism have fairly earned the confidence of the people. They are a party to whose uprightness and conservatism the country might confide its interests without misgiving. They will be a great power for good, either as an opposition when opposition is needed, or as a competitor with other parties for the votes of the people—provided always they strictly preserve their identity, that is, they remain true to their platform, and resist all temptations to gain power at the expense of their principles.

Such temptations are very likely to present themselves, especially if the Republicans should prove unequal to their task, and it should appear that a "reunited Democracy" would accomplish their overthrow. The experienced leaders of the National Democrats will of course understand that they cannot unite with the present "regular organization" on any basis of compromise without becoming its captives, and that this would mean the forfeiture of their moral strength, and thus another great opportunity lost. If, on the other hand, they preserve their identity intact and firmly maintain that they are the true Democracy, and that whoever will join them must join them on the Indianapolis platform, they will attract to their standard not only all patriotic Democrats, but, in case of Republican failure, hosts of dissatisfied Republicans too.

SECRETARY CARLISLE'S REPORT.

THE annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury is one of those lucid documents which convince the minds and appeal to the patriotism of able and conscientious students of politics, very few of whom, we regret to say, are now in public life. It is impossible to review the Secretary's report in the space that can be devoted to an editorial article. There has been a pitiable lack of intelligent discussion of it in the daily press, the report suffering a good deal on account of the noise that the Jingoes were making at the time it was sent to Congress. Mr. CARLISLE has been an especially unfortunate victim of the Jingoes. This year the excitement over Cuba is distracting attention from his calm and convincing utterances, while last year it was the noise over Venezuela that drowned his voice. And yet he deals with the subject which ought to be demanding not only the earnest but the exclusive attention of Congress. It is one of the strangest and most incomprehensible of facts connected with our lucky government that its legislators of late have paid no attention to the startling expositions of the unsoundness of our currency system, nor to the sound arguments made in behalf of reform and economy. It matters not whether the warnings and expositions come from one clothed with the authority of the law to speak to Congress, or from those clothed only with the authority of experience and knowledge—a kind of authority for which our politicians have very little respect.

What are the conditions of which Mr. CARLISLE speaks, and the causes of which he so clearly and explicitly points out? Since Mr. CLEVELAND entered upon his present term the government has been forced to borrow $262,315,400. This great debt was necessitated by two causes. First, there arose doubts as to the value of American securities and United States notes. It was feared that the free coinage of silver might be adopted as part of the monetary policy of the government, and it was known that this would mean silver monometallism. This, in turn, would involve the payment of the principal and interest of our securities and notes in silver. Thereupon there arose a clamorous demand for gold. This demand came from foreign and American holders of securities, who sold them for gold, and from the holders of government paper, who presented it for redemption in gold. Mr. CARLISLE says, in his report, that $457,039,855 of notes have been redeemed since March 1, 1893. Much of the gold thus drawn out of the Treasury went abroad, while a considerable part of it was hoarded at home. In the first place, if it had not been for the existence of these notes, the government would not have been under the necessity of maintaining a gold reserve to be attacked. In the second place, as Mr. CARLISLE says, "so long as the United States notes remain in circulation, questions as to the mode and manner of their redemption, and as to the means for procuring and maintaining a coin reserve for that purpose, will be made a political issue, and so long as those questions remain in politics, public confidence in the stability of our currency must be more or less disturbed." While the greenbacks and the Treasury notes remain in existence, the government will be put to the expense of providing and maintaining a gold reserve, and at the same time the means for depleting that store will be at the command of those who wish the gold. Moreover, the desire for the gold will inevitably come, as it came in 1893 and afterwards, at a time when it is most inconvenient for the government to part with its store. There is also no other reservoir of the sought-for metal which affords a supply so cheap and so easily obtained. In order to sustain the notes and meet the demand, the government has incurred the bonded debt already spoken of, and in the end, counting principal and interest, the eventual cost of these notes to the government, on account of this one raid upon the gold supply of the Treasury, will be $641,000,000. Surely the remedy is plain. The greenbacks should be retired; and if Congress were thinking of serious subjects and were inclined to do all in its power to help the government out of its difficulties, the leaders of the majority of the two Houses would be earnestly engaged in devising methods for relieving the Treasury of the necessity of maintaining this dangerous currency, and for a general reform of the money system of the country.

In the second place, the gold reserve was drawn upon on account of a deficiency in the revenues of the government. This deficiency does not come from the operation of the existing tariff law. When the politicians cease to talk about the failure of the WILSON act to procure sufficient revenue, we shall believe that they are approaching the financial question with the intent of dealing with it in a businesslike manner and for the purpose of relieving the Treasury from its present straits. The truth is that the revenues under the WILSON act were larger than those under the MCKINLEY act until the present year, when all revenues fell off, owing to the depressed trade conditions that existed throughout the world. As Mr. CARLISLE points out, the receipts from ordinary sources of revenue in the fiscal year 1896 exceeded those of 1894, the last year in which the MCKINLEY act was operative, by $36,672,910. No, we must look elsewhere than to the defects of the WILSON law as a revenue-producing measure for an explanation of the excess of public expenditures over the receipts of the government. As the Secretary shows, the deficiency is due, not to lack of revenue, but to extravagant expenditures. Comparing the expenditures of the last seven years with those of 1886,

1887, 1888, and 1889, we find that the average yearly expenditures have increased most scandalously. The annual increases have been as follows:

For civil and miscellaneous items	$18,518,845
For the War Department	10,616,956
For the Navy Department	11,029,498
For Indians	3,945,515
For Pensions	58,751,748

Making a grand total of excess in the average annual expenditures for the years 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, and 1896, when compared with the former period, of $102,862,562. There were deficiencies in 1894, 1895, and 1896 aggregating $137,811,738. The Secretary estimates that the deficiency for the current year will be $64,500,000. This will make the aggregate deficiency for the four years $202,311,738. More than the whole of this amount is accounted for by extravagant appropriations. Taking the total of the average excess of yearly expenditures of the present time over like expenditures for 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1889—$102,862,562—and deducting the saving of interest on the public debt, which amounts annually to $14,796,211, we have a net excess of expenditure amounting to $88,066,351. In four years this excess would amount to $352,265,404, or about $150,000,000 more than the total deficiency for the four years 1894, 1895, 1896, and 1897. The excess of expenditures for pensions alone is about $33,000,000 greater than the total deficiency.

These are the facts. The Secretary has demonstrated that a bad currency system and Congressional extravagance are the two causes of our financial troubles, and Congress remains silent under the indictment. Can it not be lashed into dealing with our financial and monetary affairs with intelligence and honesty? A business man dealing with trust funds as Congress has dealt with the finances of this country would be put into prison. Is there not a moral condemnation and punishment that will bring these recreant lawmakers to a sense of their duty to their country and their countrymen?

CHARGES THAT SHOULD BE INVESTIGATED.

Injustice has been done to Mr. Guthrie. It seems that in the interview with him which was published after his Union League speech in behalf of Mr. Choate, and after Mr. Parkhurst's attack upon Mr. Platt, Mr. Guthrie did not mean to say that he did not approve of assaults upon Mr. Platt's personal character so far as his political conduct affected it. He referred to an old personal scandal which is best buried. We sympathize the more readily with Mr. Guthrie in this because we believe that the revival of the old scandal will simply distract attention from Mr. Platt's political life and achievements, which constitute a surer indication than one excursion into personal immorality can be of a base character wholly undeserving of public employment.

Mr. Guthrie was certainly sufficiently energetic and explicit in his remarks upon Mr. Platt's character in his Carnegie Hall speech on December 23. He denounced the boss in good set terms. He charged him with being in politics for his own good and not for the good of the public, or even for the advancement of his party's interests. He pulled the mask from his pretence that he favored the nomination of Governor Morton for President, and he exposes the fraudulent boast of Platt and his friends that the "boss" forced the Republican National Convention to put the word gold into the platform, quoting from Mr. Hanna to the effect that the gold plank was drawn by Western men (Mr. Kohlsaat of Chicago being the principal one of them, we understand), and that it was agreed upon before Mr. Platt reached St. Louis.

Having disposed of the only reason for electing Platt that could possibly appeal to rational men, Mr. Guthrie made some statements as to the truth of which he ought to know, for he is a lawyer who represents corporations. These statements, if true, make it impossible for any member of the Legislature with the smallest claim to honor to vote for Platt. They are made on such authority and with such circumstantiality—Mr. Guthrie being supported by other testimony—that an investigation is demanded before a single vote shall be cast for Mr. Platt. The charges can be proved or disproved by the testimony of the corporations, which may be assumed to be unwilling victims of the alleged blackmail.

Mr. Guthrie charges that Mr. Platt, being the "boss" of the Republican party, "levies tribute in our party's name." This "tribute" he had already described as consisting of sums of money extorted from corporations or individuals for the purchase or prevention of legislation, the "boss" assuming the right to sell the law-making power. Mr. Guthrie said: "In form, it is a contribution to the party; in substance and truth, it is bribery or blackmail." Mr. Platt's power in politics comes from the handling of this vast tribute, wrung principally from corporations. In other words, it is charged by one who ought to know that Mr. Platt's prominence is due to corruption, and that if the Republican legislators send him to the Senate they will do so because he is a successful blackmailer, of the proceeds of whose crime they, or most of them, are probably beneficiaries. Mr. Guthrie's assertions are supported by Mr. E. C. Benedict and others, while the editor of the *Wine and Spirit Gazette* explicitly charges that the brewers were induced to contribute $30,000 to the Platt campaign fund in consideration of certain action to be taken on the Raines law that will leave it as ineffective as it is to-day.

There is only one course to pursue in this matter, and if the majority of the Republican legislators are honest it will be pursued. No man with such charges hanging over him will be chosen by honest men to any office. Nor ought any man thus accused to be doomed to rest under such accusations of infamy. There ought to be an investigation, and corporations ought to speak through their officers and attorneys. They have been guilty with Platt, if the charges are true, and now, in view of the charges made by responsible persons who are well informed on corporation business and methods, all officers and attorneys of certain classes of corporations are open to suspicion. They should be eager to escape from their own thraldom and disgrace, to show how and to whom moneys have been paid by them in order to buy off persecution. They should embrace the opportunity to relieve the State and the country of the disgrace and of the danger of what is known as Plattism, for there is danger of a most threatening character in the triumph of a boss through the corrupt employment of money. This is the kind of corruption that fosters socialism and populism, and the Platts are the men who are breeding the Bryans, the Altgelds, the Tillmans, and the Coxeys. Let the corporations confess, and save the land from Platt and the consequences of him and his acts.

THE LOUD BILL.

Last year the Weekly urged the passage of the Loud bill, which has been under consideration in the House of Representatives, and which was made a special order for January 5, when Congress adjourned for the recess. This is the bill which is intended to prevent frauds upon the government through abuses of the rate charged for carrying second-class matter through the mails. The law was intended to promote the circulation of legitimate periodical literature. It has been abused so that the advantage of the one-cent rate is obtained for advertising sheets, sample copies of books and papers, and an enormous quantity of matter published and circulated purely for the benefit of the business of those who issue them. The government loss on this class of mail-matter alone amounts to three times the sum of the whole deficiency. In Postmaster-General Wilson's annual report it is stated that the excess of postal expenditures over postal revenues for the year 1896 was $8,127,088. The government's loss for the same year on the transportation of second-class matter was $25,000,000, and a large part of the loss—Mr. Loud estimated it at $10,000,000 at least—is occasioned by the abuses which the Loud bill seeks to remedy.

The bill is in the interest of the government, of the readers of periodicals, and of those who use the post-office for the purpose for which it was originally established—that is, for correspondence by letter. That it is for the interest of the government that this abuse shall be remedied has been already shown. Instead of costing the government more than $8,000,000 a year, the Post-Office Department would pay its own way but for the abuse of the second-class rate. The readers of legitimate periodicals are interested in the measure because, if the abuse continue to increase with the rapidity that has lately marked it, the government may be forced to raise the rates of postage on all second-class matter, although such a step would be the last to be taken by Congress. The writers of letters are interested because, as Mr. Wilson points out, we can never have a one-cent letter rate so long as the deficiency caused by the second-class mail-matter continues.

In view of the interests to be benefited, and of the fact that the bill seeks to remedy an undoubted abuse, there is no doubt that it ought to become a law. The only intelligible opposition to the bill consists in the statement that its passage would increase postage on books which are printed for profit, on "sample copies" of periodicals issued as advertisements for the purpose of increasing their circulation, and upon periodicals and newspapers when they are returned to news agents because the retailers have not been able to sell them. This opposition is purely selfish. There is no reason why the government should help the publishers of books and newspapers and news agents to conduct their business at a cost to the people of $10,000,000 a year, or at any cost whatever, and to the continued deprivation of the country of a one-cent letter postage. Moreover, the publishers, as a class, are much too intelligent to join in the race for protection in the present emergency.

THE POWERS AND THE SULTAN.

The allocution delivered to the Sultan by the Russian ambassador is the notification of all Europe to the ruler of Turkey that the measure of his iniquities is at last full. We have had during these last months abundant experience of the difficulty of obtaining an effective European concert to put a stop to crimes that would disgrace a Central-African king, and that were perpetrated in the face of Europe and in the light of day. The obstacles in the way of combined action by the powers have in truth been very formidable. The "balance of power" is not an unmeaning expression. It is a necessity for the peace of Europe, and it would undoubtedly have been deranged if any single power had constituted itself the avenger of blood against the greatest criminal of the age. Neither Mr. Gladstone's eloquence nor his influence, though brought to bear upon that one of the European nations already most wrought up to indignation over the atrocities in the East, could overcome the reluctance of the government, which in this case represented the sober and solid part of the English people, to take separate action against the author of these atrocities.

Until within the last few weeks it seemed out of the question that the powers could be brought to take combined action. The fear that has paralyzed Europe for a generation paralyzed it still—the fear that in the derangement that would follow the eviction of the Sultan some one of the powers would aggrandize itself—at the expense of Turkey, indeed, but at the risk of the others. The power upon which these jealousies were concentrated was Russia. That is why it is so especially appropriate and so especially significant that it was the ambassador of Russia who was chosen to notify the Sultan, on behalf of all the powers, that he had worn out their patience, and that he must "mend or end." Such a threat on the part of Russia alone the Sultan might have met, as he has met it before, by appealing to the dread of Russian aggression on the part of the other powers. But when it is Russia that delivers to him the message of all Europe, he must perceive that the end has come of unpunished massacre, and that shiftings and evasions and lies will no longer serve his turn.

Times have changed indeed in the forty years since France and England and Sardinia, for there was as yet no Italy, took up arms to prevent the predecessor of Abdul-Hamid II. from being ousted from his throne by Russia. The present situation may be taken as the confession of these powers that the Czar Nicholas was right in the events that led to the Crimean war, and that Louis Napoleon and Lord Aberdeen were wrong. It was he who told them that the Sultan was a "sick man" who could not recover. It is not the individual Sultan, Abdul-Medjid or Abdul-Hamid, it is Turkey itself that is the sick man, a Mohammedan Asiatic of the fifteenth century misplaced in the Europe of the nineteenth. As Europe advances and changes, the inert and unchanging Turk becomes more and more an anachronism. Such a sick man is beyond recovery. The Sultan told the Russian ambassador—told Europe, that is to say—that he might be the last of the caliphs, but he would never be a khedive. It is to be hoped that he will be the last of the caliphs, and if it shall prove to be so, the extinction of the caliphate will be by suicide. For it is a very gratifying reflection that the effective European concert, which political intrigue and management had failed to bring about, has been created under the stress laid upon the governments by the moral indignation of Europe.

NATURE'S USE OF ALCOHOL.

Alcohol is so universally recognized as a source of damage to human beings, and its allurements to men are still so strenuous, and its disuse apparently so far off, that any reasonable theory that finds its use not only compatible with human progress but actually helpful to it is worthy of attention as a solace when consolation is continuously needed. The theory that it is one of the means used by nature for killing off the weak and procuring the survival of the less unfit seems to have a fair amount of basis, and though it is not new, it is perhaps entitled to more attention than it gets. This theory is dwelt upon in a work on *The Recent Evolution of Man*, by Mr. G. Archdall Reid, who brings out the point that alcohol is not only efficient, like other forms of destruction, in hindering the multiplication of the less fit, but that in a way it tends to work its own cure by destroying those who can neither drink it safely nor let it alone. Savages to whom alcohol is a novelty are killed off by it with extreme rapidity. Civilized men stand it much better, and though they cannot be said to thrive on it, many of them use it habitually in moderation without much detriment, and some of them drink it very much too freely for a long time before they succumb. Mr. Reid thinks that the nations which have had alcohol in use the longest are now least affected by it and rank as the most temperate. Among these more temperate nations he includes the peoples of southern Europe, who have been wine-drinkers so long that the individuals who were not fitted to endure alcohol have largely perished, and a majority of those who survive are born with a fair capacity for its use. Mr. Reid is opposed to prohibition, on the ground that if rum is made too scarce in the world too many of the less fit may survive, and much of that capacity for the endurance of alcohol which has been so painfully attained in past ages may be so far lost to the race that a sudden failure of artificial restraints may result in the most disastrous consequences. It is not likely that the considerations which he suggests will avail to abate in any degree the efforts of the foes of rum to abolish its use, but they may help to reconcile people who do not believe that alcohol can be expurgated from civilization to its continuance in our midst. It may be added that nothing in the theories which Mr. Reid supports affords any encouragement to any individual to cultivate a special capacity for the consumption of alcohol, or warrants folks who cannot tipple safely in using intoxicants at all. To make a personal test of nature's apparatus for purging earth of its weaklings is both inexpedient and unnecessary, while the results are prone to be disastrous to the experimenter and very painful and exasperating to his friends.

ENCAMPMENT OF GENERAL ROSAS NEAR GUÁIMARO.

HOSPITAL DE SANGRE (FIELD HOSPITAL) NEAR BAYAMO.

ENCAMPMENT OF GENERAL GARCÍA NEAR GUÁIMARO.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—IN THE CAMPS OF THE INSURGENTS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 42.]

MUSIC AND DRAMA

REGARDING the terrific broadsword combat between the tall boy and the short boy of Mr. Vincent Crummles's company, Nickleby ventured to suggest that the contestants should be more nearly of a size. It will be remembered that Mr. Crummles objected to this, with the assertion, "It's the very essence of the combat that there should be a foot or two of difference between them. How are you to get up the sympathies of an audience," he asks, "if there isn't a little man contending against a big one?" Herein lies one of the fundamental principles of play-making. M. Pierre Decourcelle, author of *Les Deux Gosses*, had this idea in mind when he made two small boys the heroes of his play, and gave them an uphill fight against overwhelming odds of full-grown villany. One consequence of the French playwright's shrewdness is the success of the English version of his play, *Two Little Vagrants*, at the Academy of Music. M. Decourcelle followed the formula of D'Ennery's *Two Orphans*, but in the new melodrama helpless innocence is represented by boys instead of girls. One of D'Ennery's girl orphans is blind, and one of M. Decourcelle's boy vagrants is consumptive. These physical misfortunes add to the pathetic interest, and make the two figures additionally pitiful. It was a stroke of genius, that of D'Ennery, when he made his lachrymose Louise a blind girl, while the Decourcelle boy's dramatic strength increases with his pulmonary weakness. The French playwright has taken his motive from Eugène Sue, and a particularly Gallic and absurd idea it is. Because of the imagined misconduct of his wife, a husband gives their child to a criminal, to be brought up as a thief. The quartet of persons concerned in this domestic and amatory imbroglio are of the conveniently obtuse variety known principally to the writers of French society plays—people upon whose entire lack of common-sense the structure of the plot depends. The scenes dealing with these fatuous individuals are almost as diverting as the pathos of British melodrama; but fortunately the play does not depend upon them. The adventures of the two boys are the interesting matter. Much of the popular success of the piece is due to the acting of Miss Busley and Miss Dupree as the little vagrants. The author has indicated a most effective contrast between these characters, and this is capitally realized by the two clever young actresses. Miss Busley finely represents the sturdy, self-reliant little aristocrat brought up among thieves, and Miss Dupree's study of the consumptive *gamin* is equally careful, full of natural touches and unaffected pathos, with a bit of humor here and there by way of relief. Dore Davidson and Alice Fisher are picturesque leaders of the villanous contingent essential to every well-regulated melodrama, and the minor rôles are capably played.

Mrs. Cuningham (Kate Lester). Marjorie Cuningham (Effie Shannon). Elisha Cuningham (William H. Crane).

"A FOOL OF FORTUNE"—ACT II. "BE A COUNTESS, MADGE."

While many of the London theatres devote the present season of holly and mistletoe to the time-honored productions of Christmas pantomime, with the venerable harlequinade accompaniment, the New York playhouses offer attractions which are far more interesting and enjoyable, even if they have in them less of Yule-tide gayety. During the holidays we have had at the various theatres some of the best and most popular players of America and of England—Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Willard, Mr. Drew, Miss Rehan, Mr. Tree, Mr. Crane, Mr. Gillette—all presenting plays that are of genuine merit as well as of entertaining qualities. Only one of the New York holiday attractions would be considered in England appropriate to Christmas-time, and that is *Jack and the Bean-stalk*, a fair counterpart of English burlesque, though the Casino production is sufficiently American in its spirit and material.

"When Roscius was an actor in Rome," when Junius called Garrick "vagabond" to remind him of the still existing laws against strolling players and such like "caterpillars upon the commonwealth," who would have predicted that a Thespian would ever be the object of an apotheosis such as the recent glorification of Sarah Bernhardt? Since Aladdin's procession carried presents to the Emperor of China there has been no such spectacle, excepting upon the burlesque stage. A description of this festival, which combined naïveté with hysteria, reads like a page of one of Thackeray's burlesques. First the luncheon: five hundred votaries of art grovelled over their plates before the divine artiste, while a chorus and M. Colonne's orchestra performed a hymn in her honor, written by MM. Silvestre and Pierné. Then came the procession to the temple of the priestess, the Théâtre Renaissance, where the sibyl wrought her histrionic spells. Afterward the distinguished emotional actress was led to a throne of flowers, crowned with laurel, surrounded by white-clad maidens bearing palms. Next came the procession of poets, including MM. Coppée, Mendés, and De Hérédia, each laying at her feet a dithyrambic sonnet. Actors from England and America sent tributes; but no actors were admitted to the feast, excepting M. Coquelin and M. Le Bargy. But, according to her letter to the *Figaro*, all this is nothing unusual for Madame Bernhardt. In this epistle she states that students in South America fought with swords because people tried to prevent their shouting "Vive la France!" while they were dragging her carriage. In the Argentine Republic, the students, "to honor my country, had learned by heart Racine, Corneille, Molière, and Jules Lemaître's criticisms, which they repeated to me with hardly any accent."

M. Jules Lemaître, whose criticisms—according to Madame Bernhardt's statement, quoted above—have been memorized by South American students in order to do honor to France, finds Benedick and Beatrice "insupportable, savages trying to be witty; subtle brutes." And here is Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, author of *Arms and the Man*, confessing that he chortles when he measures the superiority of his own mind to that of Shakespeare. So between the refinement of French critics and the eccentric egoism of the advanced English arbiters the bard is having a hard time of it. Still, the uncouth Anglo-Saxons run after their Shakespeare, blindly persisting in the worship of the barbarian condemned of Voltaire. *Cymbeline* remains the principal attraction in London, as it has been for several months, and now Mr. Daly has revived *Much Ado About Nothing*, to the delight of those benighted theatre-goers who enjoy the fence of wit at which M. Lemaître scoffs. This is the first opportunity we have had to enjoy the hearty humor of the comedy since Miss Terry embodied the blithe damsel born under a dancing star, since Irving strutted as the son of Mars, who, when he said he would die a bachelor, did not think he should live till he was married. It has been vouchsafed to the present generation of play-goers to enjoy the most artistic productions of Shakespearian comedy that the stage has ever known—the revival by Sir Henry Irving, and the equally interesting and complete representations at Daly's Theatre. Mr. Daly's revival of *Much Ado* fully equals its predecessors—*Twelfth Night*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *As You Like It*. Admirers of Miss Rehan will appreciate how well suited her style and mannerisms are to the comedy of Beatrice. She is at her best in scenes of badinage, and she rises nobly to the climax of the church scene. Mr. Richman makes a soldierly Benedick, and carries off the scenes with Beatrice in jaunty fashion, but his impersonation is somewhat colorless. Mr. Gresham as Don Pedro, Mr. Herbert as Don John, and Mr. Clark as Leonato give more than ordinary distinction to their respective rôles. According to Mr. Daly's custom, he has utilized characteristic music and dancing to contribute to the charm and illusion of the comedy. The performance is thoroughly delightful—one of the artistic treats of the season.

HARRY B. SMITH.

Marjorie Cuningham (Effie Shannon). Elisha Cuningham (William H. Crane). Mrs. Cuningham (Kate Lester). Jennie Cuningham (Dallas Tyler).

"A FOOL OF FORTUNE"—ACT III. "MY DAY HAS COME AT LAST!"

THIS BUSY WORLD

DR. NICOLL, who came to this country with Mr. Barrie, read the American newspapers while he was here, and audaciously admits that he liked them. He has confessed to the Westminster *Budget* that in his opinion no American institution is more misunderstood abroad than the press. He thinks our newspapers less sensational than they seem to be, and says, very truly, that you may look in vain in them for such matter as the divorce reports which the most proper English papers publish. Undoubtedly we Americans like the newspapers we have better, on the whole, than any others in the market; but we are so continually advised that our passion for them is guilty, that while we satisfy it with prodigality, we seldom attempt to justify or even to excuse it, so that to hear our journals praised by a visitor excites emotions of considerable novelty. After all, a liking for newspapers is, like a liking for one's fellow-creatures, apt to concentrate itself on individuals. If Dr. Nicoll had been impolitic enough to say which American papers he liked, his comments would have gained in interest all that they lost in discretion.

A remarkable opening for dissension and breaches of the peace is invited by Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania, who wants Congress to give names to the lettered streets of Washington. He would stick to the letters which these streets now bear, but would round each initial out with some statesman's patronymic. "A" Street would be Adams Street; "B" Street, Benton, Boutwell, Butler, Bancroft, or Blair; "C" Street, Clay, Cleveland, Calhoun, or some one else.

The plan would never do. There are too many eminent men for some of the letters, and not enough for others. Some of the finest streets in Washington, as K Street, would commemorate persons of inadequate distinction, and many of the greatest Americans, as Jefferson and Jackson, would have no street at all. The likeliest chance for usefulness that Mr. Dalzell's bill seems to have is to afford Congress a topic for a discussion which will not affect stocks.

Evidence of the extent to which Harvard College has outgrown her ancient jacket appears in the proposition to change the place of the time-honored Class-day rush about the tree. The space about the old Class-day elm behind Stoughton Hall is strictly limited, and to seat five thousand spectators around it and still have room for the undergraduates and the scrimmage after the flowers has come to be a difficult matter. The corporation thinks it has become too difficult, that the crowding of so many people in high seats is dangerous, and that if the custom is not wholly abrogated this particular exercise would better be moved to some other part of the college grounds where there is plenty of room. It is felt, too, that the rush for the flowers has come to be too rough, and that too many men are nowadays involved in it. Sad to say, the corporation's objections seem to be well taken, and no doubt the changes it advises will be carried out. It is a pity, for the tree exercises on Class day were among the few reminders of the old Harvard that remained.

General John Meredith Read, who died in Paris, December 27, was an American patriot of the sort that seem to prefer to serve their country in foreign parts. It does not do to quarrel too frankly with the taste of this order of our fellow-citizens, for there is reason to suspect that Benjamin Franklin belonged to it, and that after he had spent twenty years or so in Europe in the service of the colonies, and later of the States, he came to feel himself quite as contented in London or Paris as in Philadelphia. General Read was born in Philadelphia in 1837, was graduated at Brown University, studied law in Albany and international law in Europe, settled in Albany, and was Adjutant-General of the State of New York from 1860 to 1866. He went to France as consul-general in 1869, and while holding that office acted as consul-general for Germany during the Franco-Prussian war. He was appointed minister to Greece in 1873, and held that office during the Russo-Turkish war, at which time he is said to have done good service in suggesting a timely export of grain from the United States to Europe while the Russian ports were closed. While General Read was still minister to Greece, Congress decided not to appropriate further moneys to the support of the legation at Athens, and for a while the minister filled and maintained the position at his own cost, until, the time seeming ripe, he resigned in 1879. Meantime he had become greatly interested in Greece, and after his resignation labored in her behalf in various courts of Europe, and performed services which afterwards met with grateful acknowledgments, and brought him knighthood and the Grand Cross of the Order of the Redeemer, the most distinguished honorary dignity that the Greek government confers. Having formed pleasant acquaintances in Paris, done Germany a good service at a memorable time, and placed Greece under recognized obligations, General Read found himself a man of note and position in Europe, and doubtless the fifteen years or more which he spent as a member of the American colony in Paris passed very much to his taste. In evidence of the extent and quality of his European acquaintance, it is related that among the guests invited to his daughter's wedding were twelve kings, whom he knew personally, and who, presumably, knew him. His choice, no doubt, would have been to continue in the diplomatic service of the United States, but it being the policy of our government to scramble all the diplomatic appointments at short and irregular intervals, that, of course, was impracticable. He came home from time to time, but only for visits. If he is criticised for living abroad, it may be suggested in extenuation of that choice that there was no branch of the public service open to him at home, and it was reasonable enough that he should prefer to live where he had made the most reputation, and where such reputation as he had made would do him most good. He was a man of many accomplishments and of scholarly tastes, and had much that was interesting to impart, and liked to impart it. It is understood that he left behind him unfinished literary work of value relating to Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and other noted writers who lived at Geneva.

Not a little sporting interest attaches to the strained relations between the New Jersey Central Railroad and its commuters. The railroad sells the privilege of carrying on an express business on its line to Mr. Platt's express company, and the privilege it thus conveys conflicts with the business of individual messengers in towns along the road who have been used to do errands and to buy goods in New York for their neighbors and to carry the parcels home to them. The railroad says its commuters shall carry no parcels except such as contain their personal effects, and not too many of those. This order upsets the plans of the messengers, and has driven most of them out of business, though a few still keep up the fight. The sympathies of the commuters are strongly with the messengers, some of whom have followed their business for twenty or thirty years. On Monday, December 28, the son of one of these veterans being stopped with his bundles at the ferry-house of the railroad in New York, a crowd of commuters formed around him and rushed him on to the boat in true football style, and off again on the other side, and past the struggling officials in the station, on to the train. This made fine holiday sport for the commuters, and they tried it again the next day; but the railroad was ready for them, and had strengthened its lines with police, and there were arrests and grief among the commuters, who had to submit. People with sporting blood in them are naturally with the commuters in their sympathies, but the New Jersey law seems to be with the railroad, and there cannot be any doubt as to the final outcome.

The appearance of the name of "Mrs. Andrew Lang" in the contents table of *Longman's Magazine* naturally suggests a corruption of habits by literary association. Mrs. Lang may have written magazine articles and even books before now, but to the present paragrapher at least her name is unfamiliar. She seems to have as much to say as one expects of a Lang, and to say it Lang-worthily. Her theme is minxes, British and French, and her discourse leaves one with a better notion of what are the particular qualities which differentiate minxes from other species. To have an accurate conception of the significance of a word of such lively and concentrated merit as "minx" is an item of knowledge which is exceptionally well freighted with power. It is not a word to be hurled like a rotten apple at a barn door, but to be applied with intelligence and discernment, so that it shall describe and identify, and carry a picture as well as an opinion. Mrs. Lang says the two great minxes of English fiction are Isabella Thorpe in *Northanger Abbey* and Blanche Amory in *Pendennis*. Of the two she finds Blanche the more perfect type. The dictionary definition of "minx" is "a pert, wanton girl."

It appears that trials before a jury are not to be classed along with love and war in the list of situations in which anything that can happen is fair play. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York ordered last week a new trial in the case of Martin Cooley against the New York and Harlem Railroad. Martin is a boy who had a leg broken and was damaged about the head while a passenger on a Fourth Avenue car in New York. He spent seven weeks in a hospital, and came out with his leg so far repaired that he could walk without crutches; but a month and a half later, when his suit against the railroad came to trial, he was led to the witness stand on crutches, gave the jury a dramatic exhibition of suffering and distress, and was awarded $8500 damages. The Appellate Court considers, four to one, that Martin, being a witness and not a lawyer, imposed upon the jury more than the law permits. Justice Ingraham dissented on the ground, apparently, that the boy had a right to his opinion as to the gravity of his injury, and that using crutches in court was merely one way of expressing that opinion. The decision, however, as it stands means that it isn't safe for a witness to fool a jury by a dramatic exhibition even in a suit for damages against a railroad.

Mr. Bryan lectured in Atlanta, on December 23, before an audience described as large and sympathetic. The title of his discourse was "Ancient Landmarks," and the substance of it, while not avowedly partisan, seems to have been political all through. It was understood that this lecture was to start Mr. Bryan on a lecture tour through the country, but later rumors and reports make it seem doubtful whether that plan will be carried out. He is said to be in doubt about it, uncertain as to its expediency, and by no means sure of success. Report says that certain hesitations which he felt before the Atlanta lecture were not allayed by that experiment; that the advertisements scandalized his sense of propriety; that the lecture as a lecture was not a success, and that the orator did not realize the expectations of his audience. It is one thing to draw a crowd and another to hold it. A man can draw a crowd at any time by crying "Fire!" Mr. Bryan did something analogous to that last fall. He cried "fire" up and down the country for three months, and people turned out in crowds to hear him. But that isn't lecturing, except when the fire keeps continuously smouldering and the crier is a Phillips or a Garrison. Mr. Bryan's compunctions about making a sensational spectacle of himself are to his credit. It would have been still more to his credit to have developed them early enough to have declined to be a sensational candidate for President. To win votes he did not hesitate to stir up sectional rivalry and class hatred. No wonder it puzzles him to find a field of usefulness in which he may continue a career thus begun.

There was an interesting correspondence in the *Evening Post* last week about a new bridge in Central Park, opposite Fifty-ninth Street. Mr. W. H. Fuller told how objectionable the bridge is, and why the Park Commissioners never should have built it, and Mr. Park Commissioner Stiles explained how admirable and suitable it was, and gave the reasons why Mr. Fuller in particular should be pleased with it. It is hard to see how Mr. Fuller can help being charmed with the bridge after reading Mr. Stiles's lucid, reasonable, and convincing defence of it.

The desire of the Greek Church to excommunicate Count Tolstoi is perhaps not unnatural. Most people of reasonably conservative religious sentiments regard Tolstoi as a crank, but he seems far too grand a crank to be disciplined by theologians, and so it seems to strike the Czar, who, as head of the Russian Church, is reported to have vetoed the project.

It is news of general interest and of especial concern to frequenters of Newport that the Ocean House is to be sold to persons of enterprise in New York, who will tear it down and build on its site a new Ocean House—big, modern, gorgeous; equipped with ballrooms, tennis-courts, and all the apparatus which makes contemporaneous existence easy and agreeable to people who can pay their hotel bills. Part of the equipment of the new house is to be seventy-five cottage suites, each comprising a parlor, dining-room, three bedrooms, and servants' rooms. The grounds of the old house contain fine trees, which will be left undisturbed. The present house was built in 1846, at a cost of about $62,000. The grounds on which it stands are now reported to have been sold for $250,000. The new house is to be kept by Mr. Warren Leland, Jun., who was proprietor of the old one.

The effect of a great modern hotel upon life at Newport will be interesting to observe. There is a great deal in that summer city which may well attract visitors—houses of notable beauty and architectural interest, fine people, fine roads for driving or bicycling, and a daily and hourly parade of fashion and wealth, which diverts its participants and edifies and amuses lookers-on. It has been understood that the people who have made modern Newport, the cottagers, have been quite content to shine for one another, and have not especially coveted the admiring scrutiny of casual visitors who merely come to see. The building of the new hotel will doubtless tend to attract an element like that which is seen in so much force at Saratoga, and it is possible that the habitual Newporter will not like the town any better for this innovation. Still, the old Ocean House was hopelessly out of date and out of keeping with its environment, and it was only a question of time when it should make way for such a structure as is now proposed.

The new dormitory for Princeton, about to be built at the expense of Mr. John I. Blair, is to be 800 feet long and two stories high, and is to be to some extent a reproduction of Magdalen College, Cambridge. The suitableness of the plan is a good deal discussed. It is argued that Magdalen College was intended to enclose as much as possible of a college court, within which students could be locked at night, and as Princeton men are not locked in, that consideration does not count. It is held, too, that since ground-floor rooms are unpopular and unprofitable, a long-drawn-out, two-story building is inexpedient. Furthermore, it is maintained that the new building as planned will be an ill-looking thing and a detriment to Princeton's attractions; but this and, indeed, all these criticisms are denied, and the erection of the new hall is progressing as fast as the season permits.

A curious story comes from South Manchester, Connecticut, where the Cheney Brothers' silk-mills are. It appears that a Hartford doctor gave some one in the town a prescription for a catarrh remedy in the form of a volatile snuff containing cocaine. The remedy gave relief and became popular. The prescription was copied and re-copied, and the use of this snuff spread over the town. Cocaine, as many people know, is easy to take up and hard to put down again. The newspapers tell us it has played the mischief with the South Manchester folks, and that hundreds of them who have fallen innocently enough into the habit of using it are slaves to it, and can't stop. It is expensive, but they buy it lavishly, and use it in increasing quantities, notwithstanding its effects are utterly demoralizing and lamentable. This is a serious tale, and if matters are anything like as bad as reported, we may expect to hear that South Manchester has been converted into a huge sanitarium, and that a large proportion of its population are under restraint and undergoing treatment.

There is a new magazine; the name of it is *The Month*. It is published by the Critic Company; its editors are J. L. and J. B. Gilder; it is 106 pages long, and costs ten cents a copy or one dollar a year. Close scrutiny of its contents gives the impression that it bears very much such a relation to the *Critic* as the *Nation* does to the *Evening Post*. If it is not absolutely a monthly edition of the *Critic*, it is something close enough to it to be contemporaneous, lively, and readable. "The Lounger" fills the first quarter of it with paragraphs, and then follow essays, poems, book-reviews, and information assorted into various departments. It promises to be as easy for *The Month* to live as not, and that's a great deal to say of a new magazine.

Alfred Nobel, the Swedish engineer who has left ten million dollars for a fund for the advancement of science, was the first man to make nitro-glycerine available for practical uses. He made the first dynamite about thirty years ago, and was largely instrumental in the discovery or application of other explosives. It is stated that the interest on the money will be divided equally into five prizes, to be awarded annually—three for the greatest discoveries in physics, in chemistry, and in physiology or medicine, respectively; one for the most notable literary contribution on physiology or medicine, and one for the greatest achievement for the promotion of peace. To the thoughtful mind this last prize, when considered in connection with the discoveries on which rests his fame, is less incongruous than might at first appear.

Massachusetts has $50,000 to spend on an equestrian statue of General Hooker, and the usual painful preliminaries are now taking place. There was no provision for an open competition under conditions satisfactory to competitors, so Messrs. French and Potter were asked to make a model and submit it. The committee were not satisfied that the model shown them was a faithful likeness, and the sculptors have withdrawn it for further study. The subject is inspiring, the artists capable, and Massachusetts has the best wishes of her friends for a good result.

Another project for a statue has started in New Orleans, where it has seemed desirable that a sculptured figure of Audubon should be unveiled in 1901, on the fiftieth anniversary of his death. A fine statue might be made of Audubon, whose figure and costume are such as a sculptor would delight in. He is unquestionably worthy, too, to be commemorated in his birthplace, as is proposed.

E. S. MARTIN.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

ONE boast the German is never weary of making in regard to his government as compared with that of the United States, namely, that the officials of the father-land are distinguished, if not for enterprise, at least for honesty. In the main this is true, but there are exceptions. The late Chancellor Bismarck had no sooner got his imperial machinery in running order, twenty-five years ago, than he introduced as part of his government one of the most odious features of Russia, namely, the secret political police. He set aside large sums of money with which to pay informers, spies, and a class of wretches, unknown in America, called *agents provocateurs*. The business of these last gentlemen was to organize disturbances among Socialists, in order that the government might have an excuse for making arrests of such as the great Prime Minister was pleased to call "enemies of the empire," or such as we would call enemies to the Bismarckian policy.

The fruit which this tree has borne is very bitter. A recent trial in Berlin disclosed the painful fact that this secret police, intrusted with the most delicate of all political tasks, has been using its powers for the purpose of advancing the interests of a court clique as opposed to the constitutional government of the country. Bribery, forgery, perjury, have been used in the hopes of damaging Baron Marschall, who is head of the German Foreign Office, and a man wholly above the vulgar intrigues that flourish in the atmosphere of a court. But perhaps the saddest feature in the case is the side-light it throws upon the German press. Our own papers are not models of purity, but it would be difficult to name a New York paper capable of doing such dirty work as is expected of so-called official and semi-official papers in the land of Schiller and Goethe. When we in America read that the German press attacks this man or praises that one, it does not mean that the editors of these different papers have reached an independent opinion in regard to their relative merits, but it too frequently does mean that they have been instructed by the political police, or some other organ of state, that they must say this, that, or the other. I doubt if in all Germany could be found three great daily newspapers equal to the *Staats-Zeitung* of New York; for I know that when our great New York contemporary abuses me, it does so because of its own independent bias, whereas a hundred German papers will quote an abusive paragraph from the *Staats-Zeitung* merely because it is sent to them by a press agent of the secret police.

One of the principal victims of official persecution in the reign of Prince Bismarck is now lying very ill in London. I refer to the late German member of Parliament, George von Bunsen, the memoirs of whose parents were published in English, and widely read on both sides of the Atlantic. During the critical period when German unity hung in the balance, and when the Prussian government needed the help of all statesmen who might have influence with the people, George von Bunsen was much courted by Bismarck, along with other able patriots, like the late Lasker, who died in America, Ludwig Bamberger, and other Liberal members of Parliament. But after the imperial constitution had been adopted he ceased to treat these men as the supporters of the empire, but commenced to persecute them for their constitutional views regarding government. Von Bunsen was arrested and brought to trial because he dared to address his constituents in opposition to the tax upon food, and when it transpired that Bunsen preferred Bismarck's enmity rather than to surrender his political integrity, the great Prime Minister resorted to a system of personal persecution original in our day. No officer in the army or navy, no government official of any kind, was allowed to hold social relations with the household of George von Bunsen. Bismarck's plan worked magnificently, excepting in so far as it did not alter the political views of his victim. The Bunsen household could never give a party after this, for the Berlin society which does not wear shoulder-straps and brass buttons is too small to be counted. I need only add that Bunsen had one of the most hospitable houses in Germany, and four beautiful and talented daughters, who suffered from Bismarck's enmity vastly more than did their father. One of these is married to an American man of letters, and lives happily near Boston. She is no doubt the happiest of the whole family, for she breathes an atmosphere untainted by political malaria.

A few days ago the Cobden Club held a special meeting to consider the question of German competition with British commerce, and judging by the remarks made at the meeting, American commerce might have been discussed, so far as the result of the deliberations is concerned. Lord Playfair, whose wife is American, and who spent the exciting weeks preceding the Presidential election in America, was the principal speaker, from an American point of view; though from that of an Englishman, it was Lord Farrer, the chairman, who gave the most valuable information. Lord Playfair paid a higher tribute to the honesty of Bryan and his supporters than any Republican whom I met was willing to concede, at least prior to the election. Lord Playfair is an optimist in matters American, and from the great respect with which his statements are always greeted here, we Americans may be proud at having, on this side of the water, a champion so doughty. But what he and other speakers emphasize, in regard to German competition, is that which our consuls lay stress upon in their reports to the State Department. American commercial travellers in Mexico and South America, notably, do not impress the natives by their good manners, or their fluency in speaking the language of the country. Latin races think much of outward manners and appearance, and do not necessarily think that a tradesman must be honest because he is boorish. The English and American manufacturers think they have done all that is necessary when they have turned out a good article and placed a fair price upon it, but the German does much more than this. He selects as his agents men who have gained a thorough experience of foreign countries by travelling in the different states of Europe, where he more rapidly than with us learns the importance of adapting himself to the prejudices and caprices of strange customers. When a German traveller enters a shop he raises his hat courteously, makes a conciliating bow, asks particularly after the health and happiness of the different members of the family, and seeks to leave the impression that his visit is less influenced by money than by a desire for social recreation. We, on the other hand, think that if we give our host a slap on the back and offer him a cigar, he ought to be quite satisfied, and at once place with us a large order.

Aside from mere courteous behavior, German manufacturers and merchants are bound to be strong competitors, owing not to the cheap labor which they can command, but to the well-educated—that is to say, technically educated—workmen at their disposal. The German state encourages schools for the technical education of day-laborers and apprentices. Some twelve years ago I visited an excellent one in Berlin, the principal of which, Professor Yessen, may be considered the pioneer in this branch of education. Germans have the start of us, but we are slowly catching up with them. There are several training-schools for mechanics in London, the last of which was opened only a year ago in Chelsea, under the management of Professor Tomlinson. Here young men are taught plumbing, electrical engineering, machine-work, photography, carpenter-work, besides what is usually taught at an American so-called scientific school. On the occasion of my visit a few days ago I found little girls about twelve years of age learning how to wash and to iron clothes, to cook dinners, to make beds, to cut out dresses, and, in other words, to fit themselves to be housekeepers and wives. In the department of wood-carving I discovered one of the daughters of our ambassador in London, Mr. Bayard, chopping away assiduously, and speaking enthusiastically of the splendid education she was here receiving. Indeed, it seemed to me, while watching the practical nature of the work done, particularly in the departments of chemistry and physics, that nowadays the best education is enjoyed by the children of the poor, while the rich have almost nothing to show for their money when they send their sons and daughters to expensive colleges. At the Chelsea Polytechnic, where the fees are merely nominal, I found little girls of thirteen conducting chemical experiments which in my day at Yale no member of the Senior class would have attempted, although chemistry figures as one of the subjects put down in the university catalogue. Students at our famous seats of learning are taught from books alone, whereas the children of Chelsea mechanics are taught to use their eyes and hands at one and the same time. As well might Bob Cook prepare his men for a boat-race by delivering lectures on muscular dynamics as that a student should learn chemistry without staining his finger nails.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Slavery is not yet actually abolished in the island of Madagascar, as might be inferred from a recent Washington despatch, stating that the State Department had received from Mr. Vatter, American consul at Tamatave, the copy of the decree of abolition. The truth is that M. Laroche, a Protestant and the late French Resident-General in Madagascar, had constantly advised the home government to proclaim the emancipation of the slaves kept by the Hovas. He had discussed the matter with the missionaries in the island, and Monseigneur Cazet, the Roman Catholic bishop, was the only one to oppose the liberal measure. But the Resident-General was supported in his views by M. Dubreuil, Attorney-General of the French colony, and a despatch from Paris finally authorized M. Laroche to abolish slavery in Madagascar. On Sunday, September 27, 1896, he caused to be published, to that effect, a decree in the *Gazette Officielle*, many copies of which were immediately carried by the Queen's "Tsimandoas," or messengers, to the four cardinal points of the island. This is the decree forwarded by the American consul at Tamatave. But it was invalidated practically two days later by M. Laroche's successor, General Gallieni, a soldier with clerical and reactionary tendencies, on the pretext that the emancipation decree, unanimously voted by the French Chamber, would increase the difficulties in suppressing the insurrection of the Hovas. Still, the general dictator did not dare to act directly: he ordered the publication in the *Gazette Officielle* of a letter which he dictated to Rainitsimbazafy, Prime Minister and commander-in-chief of the Hova army. That letter, sent to the governors of provinces, said:

"You have received the *Gazette Officielle* of September 27; you have seen the decree proclaiming the emancipation of slaves, and you have caused the decree to be bulletined upon large placards. That must have surprised the people. Therefore, convoke them in public meeting to advise them not to be excited about nothing, for they are mistaken about the meaning of that decision, which is a simple formula in use among Europeans, but having no importance in Madagascar. The slaves, in fact, have not to move from their masters, and there is nothing changed in our laws. Look well to the Kingdom, and live in happiness. I have said!"

This official letter has been obeyed all through Madagascar, where slavery accordingly continues to flourish, thanks to the military dictation of General Gallieni, quite as if its abolition had not been ordered by the French Chamber, and promulgated by the former Resident-General, a civilian, M. Laroche.

The newspapers at Vienna, Austria, report that a mysterious blackmailing attempt has been tried upon Emperor Francis Joseph. On his returning at night, at the Hofburg Palace he found an anonymous letter, announcing the publication, on the 1st of January, of a correspondence of the late Archduke Rudolph, who, it will be remembered, committed suicide a few years ago at the hunting-castle of Meyarling. The letter offered to the Emperor the surrendering of that correspondence for a sum of 250,000 florins. The blackmailer was supposed to have stolen or to have counterfeited a large portion of the letters which Archduke Rudolph used to address to Mr. Futtaky, a well-known journalist of Buda-Pesth. On the death of Mr. Futtaky all these letters were sent to the Hofburg by Mr. Frankel, a friend and legatee of the late Mr. Futtaky. The detectives of the court and its semi-official organs have denied that there was any foundation to this blackmail story. Nevertheless, it was a general topic of conversation in the high circles of Viennese society, which anxiously awaited the 1st of January, discounting in advance the revelations which might be made in regard to the private life of Archduke Rudolph, and his political views on the internal and external affairs of Austro-Hungary.

The American press has recently published, in a condensed form and commented upon, a statement of the debts of nations, which was credited to the eminent French economist M. Leroy-Beaulieu. The fact is that this statement is an enlargement and rounding out of the memoir compiled on the subject by Señor Navarro Reverter, the actual Finance Minister of Spain. That memoir was translated and published in the French *Bulletin de Statistique*. The Spanish minister, who enjoys a merited reputation as a distinguished writer of political economy, intended especially, of course, to show that the financial condition of Spain was better than it is generally supposed to be. M. Leroy-Beaulieu shares his views in that regard, and gives besides a complete statement of the public debts of all nations, showing, among other things of less interest to Americans, that the United States comes the sixth on the list for the year 1895.

F. A.

ANARCHY.

DREAD is the hour when giant Mob, mad child of Liberty,
Blows his volcanic trumpet-blast, and shakes the land and sea.

Not when Pompeii danced or dreamed, with spasms and groans of earth
Sprang fiercer light, rushed darker night, to quench her moans and mirth.

The hurricane, that holds its breath a century in mid-air,
Breathes palace gates and castle walls away like gossamer.

Murder usurps the judgment-seat, while Justice writhes in prison,
Lo, from the corpse of Government its soul, the Law, has risen!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

VIII.—WORKS BY HERBERT ADAMS, FREDERICK W. RUCKSTUHL, AND JOHN J. BOYLE.

THE great Library at Washington is something like a national art gallery, to which from time to time pictures and sculptures are added, necessitating an expansion of the catalogue and some words of announcement in the public prints. Where the library differs from such an institution is in providing a really permanent place for each acquisition, so that once the painting or statue is received and set up it becomes an immovable part of the whole noble scheme. The sculpture reproduced in this number of the WEEKLY offers a case in point. It is from three different hands, and is destined obviously for different purposes, but every one of the five pieces shown has been incorporated into the general harmony. That last word must be constantly on the lips of any one describing the artistic features of this building. Nothing about the enterprise has been more edifying than the manner in which each sculptor or painter has adapted his work to its setting.

Take the two statues of Plato and Solon, modelled by Mr. Boyle and Mr. Ruckstuhl respectively. They are conceived in exactly the spirit to which it was essential to conform in order that the procession of statues around the rotunda of the Library might be homogeneous. The draperies are handled with breadth and simplicity. The figures adhere to the same general standard of height and bulk, and in both the works at present under discussion it will be observed that the sculptors have suggested movement in their figures while retaining the composure of true monumental art. The important thing in the series of ideal portraits to which these belong was to make each one a decorative, even architectural, factor in a large design, and at the same time to give the various statues life and individuality. Mr. Boyle and Mr. Ruckstuhl are to be commended for having worked in sympathy with their colleagues and the architect, but they are also to be praised for the characterizations they have produced. The Plato is an admirable figure, possibly a shade too strenuous in expression, and yet, on the whole, a happy study of the great philosopher, both in the intellectual head and the virile body. Mr. Ruckstuhl's Solon is also effective in conception, the massive character of the man being appropriately conveyed in the majestic outlines of the bronze. The action in both arms is also treated with skill. Both these sculptors have disclosed a laudable discretion in concentrating themselves upon the working out of a severe idea, quenching whatever taste they may have had for the display of mere craftsmanship, in a manly straightforward development of an austere inspiration.

To Mr. Herbert Adams has been granted the privilege of working in a vein of lightness, even of gayety, while dealing with an Olympian theme. The two representations of Minerva which he has modelled for the vestibule of the Library are delightful types of elasticity, of abounding life. The fluttering draperies of the goddess are rendered with a keen and subtle sense of movement, and whether as the goddess of war in one statue or the goddess of liberal arts in the other, this Minerva is a free, lithe creature, as vigorous in her advancing motion as she is graceful in her contours. The position of these figures is peculiarly interesting. They are reproduced in eight pairs, each couple being backed against the consoles which support the ceiling beams of the vestibule. Lifted aloft in this way they possess an aerial beauty which is at once the expression of their inner character and the ratification of their place in the decorative scheme. The panel which is shown with them in the accompanying illustration was modelled by Mr. Adams for the mantel-piece of the Senate Reading-room. It has been executed in Siena marble, and with the delicate color of that substance gleaming amid its deftly raised surfaces it is one of the most artistic things in the building. The sculptor has had a formal motive to deal with in the eagle set with outstretched wings above the American shield, but he has treated his material in a quite informal way, lending life to the two winged geniuses which fill out the panel and giving the latter throughout a refreshing vivacity. Yet he has not exceeded the decorative limits of his relief. He has modelled it with a free but judicious hand, and the eager, nervous composition falls perfectly into the lines of the room in which it is placed.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

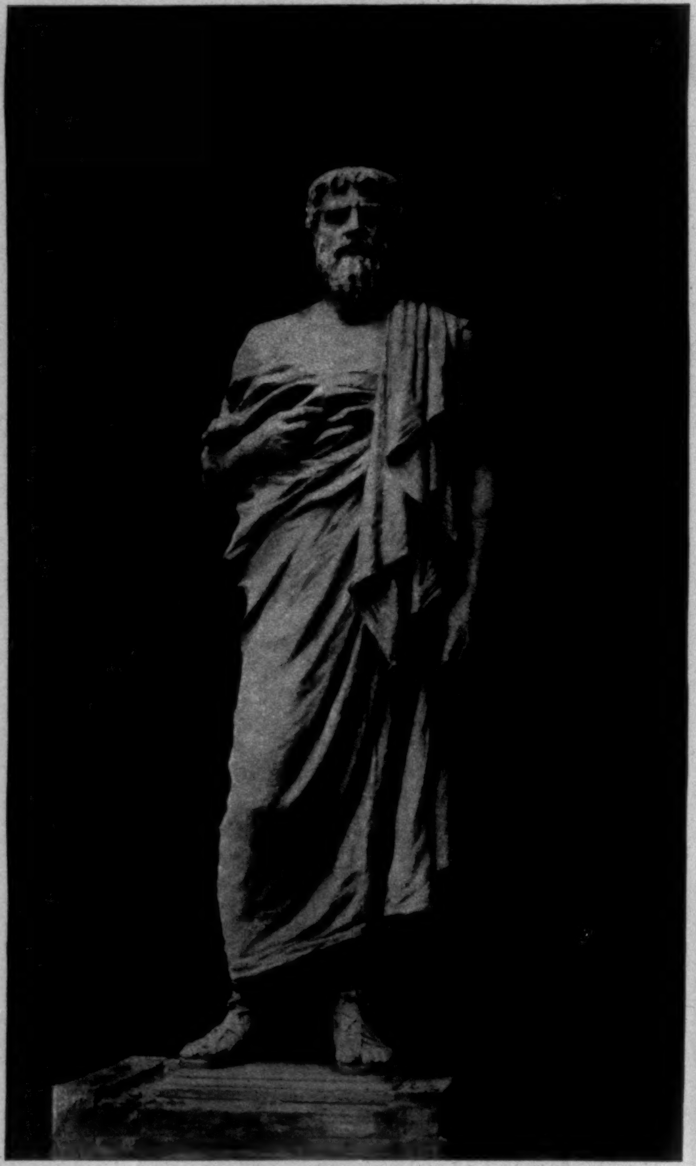
THE PANEL COMPLETE.

DETAIL OF THE PANEL.

MINERVA, GODDESS OF WAR.
BY HERBERT ADAMS.

PANEL FOR MANTEL-PIECE IN THE SENATE READING-ROOM.
BY HERBERT ADAMS.

MINERVA, GODDESS OF THE LIBERAL ARTS.
BY HERBERT ADAMS.



PLATO.—BY JOHN J. BOYLE.

SOLON.—BY FREDERICK W. RUCKSTUHL.

RECENT SCULPTURE FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 31.]

JEROME—A POOR MAN.

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER II.

JEROME started, and once started he raced. Long-legged, light-flanked, long-winded, and underfed, he had the adaptability for speed of a little race-horse. Jerome Edwards was quite a famous boy in the village for his prowess in running. No other boy could equal him. Marvellous stories were told about it. "Jerome Edwards, he can run half a mile in five minutes any day, yes he can, sir," the village boys bragged if perchance a cousin from another town came a-visiting and endeavored to extol himself and his comrades beyond theirs. In some curious fashion Jerome, after he had out-speeded all the other boys, furnished them with his own victories for a boast. They seemed, in exulting over the glory of this boy of their village, to forget that the glory came only through their defeat. It was national pride on a very small and childish scale.

Jerome, swift little runner that he was, ran that day as he had never run before. The boys whom he met stood aside hastily, gaped down the road behind him to see another runner laboring far in the rear, and then, when none appeared, gaped after his flying heels.

"Wonder what he's a-runnin' that way fur?" said one boy.

"Ain't nobody a-tryin' to ketch up with him, fur's I can see," said another.

"Mebbe his mother's took worse, an' he's a-runnin' fur the doctor," said a third, who was Henry Judd, a distant cousin of Jerome's.

The boys stood staring even when Jerome was quite out of sight. Jerome had about three-quarters of a mile to run to Doctor Prescott's house. He was almost there when he caught sight of a team coming. "There's father, now," he thought, and stood still, breathing hard. Although Jerome's scanty food made him a swift runner, it did not make him a strong one.

The team came rattling slowly on. The old white horse which drew it planted his great hoofs lumberingly in the tracks, nodding at every step.

As it came nearer, Jerome, watching, gave a great gasp. The wagon contained wood nicely packed; the reins were wound carefully around one of the stakes; and there was no driver. Jerome tried to call out, tried to run forward, but he could not. He could only stand still, watching, his boyish face deadly white, his eyes dilating. The old white horse came on, dragging his load faithfully and steadily toward his home. He never swerved from his tracks except once, when he turned out carefully for a bad place in the road, where the ground seemed to be caving in, which Abel Edwards had always avoided with a loaded team. There was something awful about this old animal, with patient and laborious stupidity in every line of his plodding body, obeying still that higher intelligence which was no longer visible at his guiding-reins, and perhaps had gone out of sight forever. It had all the uncanny horror of a headless spectre advancing down the road.

Jerome collected himself when the white horse came alongside. "Whoa! Whoa, Peter!" he gasped out. The horse stopped, and stood still, his great fore feet flung stiffly forward, his head and ears and neck hanging as inertly as a broken-tree bough with all its leaves drooping.

The boy stumbled weakly to the side of the wagon, and stretched himself up on tiptoe. There was nothing there but the wood. He stood a minute, thinking. Then he began searching for the hitching-rope in the front of the wagon, but he could not find it. Finally he led the horse to the side of the road, unwound the reins from the stake, and fastened him as well as he could to a tree.

Then he went on down the road. His knees felt weak under him, but still he kept up a good pace. When he reached the Prescott place he paused and looked irresolutely a moment through the trees at the great square mansion-house, with its green-glancing window-panes.

Then he ran straight on. The ten-acre wood-lot which belonged to his father was about a half-mile further. It was a birch and chestnut wood, and was full of the green shimmer of new leaves and the silvery glistening of white boughs as delicate as maidens' arms. There was a broad cart-path leading through it. Jerome entered this directly when he reached the wood. Then he began calling. "Father!" he called. "Father! Father!" over and over again, stopping between to listen. There was no sound in response; there was no sound in the wood except the soft and elusive rustling of the new foliage, like the rustling of the silken garments of some one in hiding or some one passing out of sight. It brought also at this early season a strange sense of a presence in the wood. Jerome felt it, and called with greater importunity: "Father! Father! Father, where be you? Father!"

Jerome looked very small among the trees—no more than a little pale child. His voice rang out shrill and piteous. It seemed as much a natural sound of the wood as a bird's, and was indeed one of the primitive notes of nature: the call of that most helpless human young for its parent and its shield.

Jerome pushed on, calling, until he came to the open space where his father had toiled felling trees all winter. Cords of wood were there, all neatly piled and stacked. The stumps between them were sending out shoots of tender green. "Father! Father!" Jerome called, but this time more cautiously, hushing his voice a little. He thought that his father might be lying there among the stumps, injured in some way. He remembered how a log had once fallen on Samuel Lapham's leg and broken it when he was out alone in the woods, and he had lain there a whole day before anybody found him. He thought something like that might have happened to his father. He searched everywhere, peering with his sharp young eyes among the stumps and between the piles of wood. "Mebbe father's fainted away," he muttered.

Finally he became sure that his father was nowhere in the clearing, and he raised his voice again and shouted, and hallooed, and listened, and hallooed again, and got no response.

Suddenly a chill seemed to strike Jerome's heart. He thought of the pond. Little given as he was to forebodings of evil, when once he was possessed of one it became a certainty.

"Father's fell in the pond and got drowned," he burst out with a great sob. "What will mother do?"

The boy went forward, stumbling half blindly over the stumps. Once he fell, bruising his knee severely, and picked himself up, sobbing piteously. All the child in Jerome had asserted itself.

Beyond the clearing was a stone wall that bounded Abel Edwards's property. Beyond that was a little grove of old thick-topped pine-trees; beyond that the little woodland pond. It was very shallow in places, but it never dried up, and was said to have deep holes in it. The boys told darkly braggart stories about this pond. They had stood on this rock and that rock with poles of fabulous length; they had probed the still water of the pond, and "never once hit the bottom, sir." They had flung stones with all their might, and listening sharply forward like foxes, had not heard them "strike bottom, sir."

One end of this pond, reaching up well among the pine-trees, had the worst repute, and was called indeed a darkly significant name—the "Dead Hole." It was confidently believed by all the village children to have no bottom at all. There was a belief current among them that once, before they were born, a man had been drowned there, and his body never found.

They would stand on the shore and look with horror, which yet gave somehow a pleasant titillation to their youthful spirits, at this water which bore such an evil name. Their elders did not need to caution them; even the most venturesome had an awe of the Dead Hole, and would not meddle with it unduly.

Jerome climbed over the stone wall. The land on the other side belonged to Doctor Prescott. He went through the grove of pine-trees and reached the pond—the end called the Dead Hole. He stood there looking and listening. It was a small sheet of water. The other shore, swampy and skirted with white-flowering bushes and young trees, looked very near. A cloying, honey sweetness came across, and a silvery smoke of mist was beginning to curl up from it. The frogs were clamorous, and every now and then came the bass boom of a bull-frog. A red light from the westward sun came through the thin growth opposite, and lay over the pond and the shore. Little swarms of gnats danced in it.

A swarm of the little gauzy things, so slight and ephemeral that they seemed rather a symbolism of life than life itself, whirled before the boy's wild tearful eyes, and he moved aside and looked down, and then cried out and snatched up something from the ground at his feet. It was the hat Abel Edwards had worn when he left home that morning. Jerome stood holding his father's hat, gazing at it with a look in his face like an old man's. Indeed it may have been that a sudden old age of the spirit came in that instant over the boy. He had not before conceived of anything but an accident happening to his father; now all at once he saw plainly that if his father, Abel Edwards,

had come to his death in the pond, it must have been through his own choice. "He couldn't have fell in," muttered Jerome, with stiff lips, looking at the gently curving shore and looking at the hat.

Suddenly he straightened himself, and an expression of desperate resolution came into his face. He set his teeth hard; somehow, whether through inherited instincts or through impressions he had got from his mother, he had a firm conviction that suicide was a horrible disgrace to the dead man himself and to his family.

"Nobody shall ever know it," the boy thought. He nodded fiercely, as if to confirm it, and began picking up stones from the shore of the pond. He filled the crown of the hat with them, got a string out of his pocket, tied it firmly around the crown, making a strong knot; then he swung his arm back at the shoulder, brought it forward with a wide sweep, and flung the hat past the middle of the Dead Hole.

"There," said Jerome; "guess nobody 'll ever know now. There ain't no bottom to the Dead Hole." The boy hurried out of the woods and down the road again. When he reached the Prescott house a man was just coming out of the yard, following the path from the south door. When he came up to Jerome he eyed him curiously; then he grasped him by the shoulder.

"Sick?" said he.

"No," said Jerome.

"What on airth makes you look so?"

"Father's lost."

"Lost—where's he lost? What d'ye mean?"

"Went to get a load of wood for Doctor Prescott this mornin', an' 'ain't got home."

"Now, I want to know! Didn't I see his team go up the road a few minutes ago?"

Jerome nodded. "Met it, an' he wa'n't on," said he.

"Lord!" cried the man, and stared at him. He was a middle-aged man, with a small wiry shape and a gait like a boy's. His name was Jake Noyes, and he was the doctor's hired man. He took care of his horse, and drove for him, and some said helped him compound his prescriptions. There was great respect in the village for Jake Noyes. He had a kind of reflected glory from the doctor, and some of his own.

Jerome pulled his shoulder away. "Got to be goin'," said he.

"Stop," said Jake Noyes. "This has got to be looked into. He must have got hurt. He must be in the woods where he was workin'."

"Ain't. I've been there," said Jerome, shortly, and broke away.

"Where did ye look?"

"Everywhere," the boy called back. But Jake followed him up.

"Stop a minute," said he; "I want to know. Did you go as fur 's the pond?"

"What should I want to go to the pond for, like to know?" Jerome looked around at him fiercely.

"I didn't know but he might have fell in the pond; it's pretty near."

"I'd like to know, what you think my father would jump in the pond for?" Jerome demanded.

"Lord, I didn't say he jumped in. I said fell in."

"You know he couldn't have fell in. You know he would have had to gone in of his own accord. I'll let you know my father wa'n't the man to do anything like that, Jake Noyes!" The boy actually shook his puny fist in the man's face. "Say it again, if ye dare!" he cried.

"Lord!" said Jake Noyes, with half-comical consternation. He screwed up one blue eye after a fashion he had—people said he had acquired it from dropping drugs for the doctor—and looked with the other at the boy.

"Say it again an' I'll kill ye, I will!" cried Jerome, his voice breaking into a hoarse sob, and was off.

"Be ye crazy?" Jake Noyes called after him. He stood staring at him a minute, then went into the house on a run.

Jerome ran to the place where he had left his father's team, untied the horse, climbed up on the seat, and drove home. He could not go fast; the old horse could proceed no faster than a walk with a load. When he came in sight of home he saw a blue flutter at the gate. It was Elmira's shawl; she was out there watching. When she saw the team she came running down the road to meet it. "Where's father?" she cried out. "Jerome, where's father?"

"Dun'no'," said Jerome. He sat high above her, holding the reins. His pale set face looked over her head.

"Jerome—haven't you—seen—father?"

"No."

Elmira burst out with a great wail. "Oh, Jerome, where's father? Jerome, where is he? Is he killed? Oh, father, father!"

"Keep still," said Jerome. "Mother'll hear you."

"Oh, Jerome, where's father?"

"I tell you, hold your tongue. Do you want to kill mother, too?"

Poor little Elmira, running alongside the team, wept convulsively. "Elmira, I tell you to keep still," said Jerome, in such a voice that she immediately choked back her sobs.

Jerome drew up the wood-team at the gate with a great creak. "Stand here 'side of the horse a minute," he said to Elmira. He swung himself off the load and went up the path to the house. As he drew near the door he could hear his mother's chair. Ann Edwards, crippled as she was, managed, through some strange manipulation of muscles, to move herself in her rocking-chair all about the house. Now the jerking scrape of the rockers on the uncarpeted floor sounded loud. When Jerome opened the door he saw his mother hitching herself rapidly back and forth in a fashion she had when excited. He had seen her do so before, a few times.

When she saw Jerome she stopped short and screwed up her face before him as if to receive a blow. She did not ask a question.

"I met the team comin' home," said Jerome.

Still his mother said nothing, but kept that cringing face before a coming blow.

"Father wa'n't on it," said Jerome.

Still his mother waited.

"I hitched the horse," said Jerome, "and then I went up to the ten-acre lot and I looked everywhere. He ain't there."

Suddenly Ann Edwards seemed to fall back upon herself before his eyes. Her little head sank helplessly; she slipped low in her chair.

Jerome ran to the water-pail, dipped out some water, and sprinkled his mother's face. Then he rubbed her little lean hands with his hard boyish palm. He had seen his mother faint before. In fact, he had been all prepared for it now.

Presently she began to gasp and struggle feebly, and he knew she was coming to. "Feel better?" he asked in a loud voice, as if she were miles away; indeed, he had a feeling that she was. "Feel better, mother?"

Mrs. Edwards raised herself. "Your—father has fell down and died," she said. "There needn't anybody say anything else. Wipe this water off my face. Get a towel." Jerome obeyed.

"There needn't anybody say anything else," repeated his mother.

"I guess they needn't, either," assented Jerome, coming with the towel and wiping her face gently. "I'd like to hear anybody," he added, fiercely.

"He's fell down—and died," said his mother. She made sounds like sobs as she spoke, but there were no tears in her eyes.

"I s'pose I ought to go an' take the horse out," said Jerome.

"Well."

"I'll send Elmira in; she's holdin' him."

"Well."

Jerome lighted a candle first, for it was growing dark, and went out. "You go in and stay with mother," he said to Elmira, "an' don't you go to cryin' an' makin' her worse—she's been faintin' away. Any tea in the house?"

"No," said the little girl, trying to control her quivering face.

"Make her some hot porridge, then—she'd ought to have something. You can do that, can't you?"

Elmira nodded; she dared not speak for fear she should cry.

"Go right in, then," said Jerome; and she obeyed, keeping her face turned away. Her childish back looked like an old woman's as she entered the door.

Jerome unharnessed the horse, led him into the barn, fed him, and drew some water for him from the well. When he came out of the barn, after it was all done, he saw Doctor Prescott's chaise turning into the yard. The doctor and Jake Noyes were in it. When the chaise stopped, Jerome went up to it, bobbed his head and scraped his foot. A handsome, keenly scowling face looked out of the chaise at him. Doctor Seth Prescott was over fifty, with a smooth-shaven face as finely cut as a woman's, with bright blue eyes under bushy brows, and a red scratch-wig. Before age and snows and rough winds had darkened and seamed his face, he had been a delicately fair man. "Has he come yet?" he demanded, peremptorily.

Jerome bobbed and scraped again. "No, sir."

"You didn't see a sign of him in the woods?"

Jerome hesitated visibly.

The doctor's eyes shone more sharply. "You didn't, eh?"

"No, sir," said Jerome.

"Does your mother know it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How is she?"

"She fainted away, but she's better."

The doctor got stiffly out of the chaise, took his medicine-chest, and went into the house. "Stay here till I come out," he ordered Jerome, without looking back.

"The doctor's goin' to send a posse out lookin' with lanterns," Jake Noyes told Jerome.

Jerome made a grunt, both surly and despairing, in response. He was leaning against the wheel of the chaise; he felt strangely weak.

"Mebbe we'll find him 'live an' well," said Jake, consolingly.

"No, ye won't."

"Mebbe 'twon't be nothin' wuss than a broken bone noway, an' the doctor, he can fix that."

Jerome shook his head.

"The doctor, he's goin' to do everything that can be done," said Jake. "He's sent Lawrence over to East Corners for some ropes an' grapplin'-hooks."

Then Jerome roused himself. "What for?" he demanded, in a furious voice.

Jake hesitated and colored. "Mebbe I hadn't ought to have said that," he stammered. "Course there ain't no need of havin' 'em. It's just because the doctor wants to do everything he can."

"What for?"

"Well—you know there's the pond—an'—"

"Didn't I tell you my father didn't go near the pond?"

"Well, I don't s'pose he did," said Jake, shrewdly; "but it won't do no harm to drag it, an' then everybody will know for sure he didn't."

"Can't drag it anyhow," said Jerome, and there was an odd accent of triumph in his voice. "The Dead Hole 'ain't got any bottom."

Jake laughed. "That's a durned lie," said he. "I helped drag it myself once, forty year ago; a girl by the name of 'Lizy Ann Gooch, used to live 'bout a mile below here on the river road, was missin'. She wa'n't there; found her bones an' her straw bonnet in the swamp two years afterwards, but, Lord, we dragged the Dead Hole—scraped bottom every time."

Jerome stared at him, his chin dropping.

"Of course it ain't nothin' but a form, an' we sha'n't find him there any more than we did 'Lizy Ann," said Jake Noyes, consolingly.

Doctor Prescott came out of the house, and as he opened the door a shrill cry of, "There needn't anybody say anything else," came from within.

"Now you'd better go in and stay with your mother," ordered Doctor Prescott. "I have given her a composing powder. Keep her as quiet as possible, and don't talk to her about your father."

Doctor Prescott got into his chaise and drove away up the road, and Jerome went in to his mother. For a while she kept her rocking-chair in constant motion; she swung back and forth or hitched fiercely across the floor; she repeated her wild cry that her husband had fallen down and died, and nobody need say anything different; she prayed and repeated Scripture texts. Then she succumbed to the Dover's powder which the doctor had given her, and fell asleep in her chair.

Jerome and Elmira dared not awake her that she might go to bed. They sat, each at a window, staring out into the night, watching for their father, or some one to come with news that his body was found—they did not know which. Now and then they heard the report of a gun, but did not know what it meant. Sometimes Elmira wept a little, but softly, that she might not waken her mother.

The moon was full, and it was almost as light as day outside. When a little after midnight a team came in sight they could tell at once that it was the doctor's chaise, and Jake Noyes was driving. The boy and girl left the windows and stole noiselessly out of the house. Jake drew up at the gate. "You'd better go in an' go to bed, both on you," he said. "We'll find him safe an' sound somewheres to-morrow. There's nigh two hundred men an' boys out with lanterns an' torches, an' firin' guns for signals. We'll find him with nothin' wuss than a broken bone to-morrow. We've dragged the whole pond, an' he ain't there, sure."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VARIUM ET MUTABILE.

FRIEND, do not let the dying year
  Leave vain regrets and sorrow;
Remember there's another here—
  Another year to-morrow.

The maid who would not kiss last week
  May change, as does the season,
And offer you a pouting cheek,
  While you know not the reason.

Oh, judge not of the coming day
  From what the past has brought you;
Experience has a fickle way
  Of turning when she's caught you!

ALBERT LEE.

A VISIT TO THE LONDON CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE.

THE American in London who talks of "going to the Co-operative" almost invariably means the Army and Navy stores of the Mayfair quarter in Victoria Street, where you cannot trade unless you have a membership ticket, where the customers belong to the prosperous classes, and where you expect to buy quite a little under the ordinary price.

"The Co-operative Wholesale Society, Limited, London Branch," is quite another and a different institution. Its customers and shareholders are not of the prosperous classes, so called (although the appearance of its warehouse bears every evidence of substantial prosperity), but of the laboring classes. It is situated, not near Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace, but beyond the Bank and the Tower in the Whitechapel district, in Leman Street, not far from the docks.

The American who has heard in a general way of the success of co-operation in England, whose eye has been attracted in many towns and cities on his route by the signs of co-operative shops—that, like the old-fashioned country store or the modern department store, seem to sell everything—and whose curiosity has been aroused to discover something more of what it all means—such an American will easily find the London Co-operative Wholesale by either cab or bus, and will be more than repaid for his trouble. It will give him a new idea of what labor's capital can do for labor, when managed by labor for labor's own benefit.

The building itself is imposing as London buildings go, and its effect is accentuated by its surroundings in that squalid Whitechapel district. It is six stories high, and covers an area of 18,000 square feet on the ground. There is an octagonal oriel at one corner surmounted by a tower. From the base of the flag-staff on this tower to the street-level is 150 feet. It is a fine example of solid, sensible architecture.

The stranger who enters the recessed door will be stopped by a janitor with a demand to state his business. If he simply says that he wishes to see Mr. Benjamin Jones, the manager, or Mr. William Openshaw, who is Mr. Jones's closest associate, and "looks all right," there will be no fussiness of red tape to annoy him. The janitor will consult an indicator opposite his office, which tells whether the head of any department is in or out, and will direct the visitor to ascend to the next floor. This is given simply as an illustration of how modern and up-to-date are all the appointments. In the private office of Mr. Jones the manager are the same arrangements of speaking-tubes and call-bells one finds in any first-class business establishment. The Co-operative Wholesale has the best of modern appliances.

The most perfect equipment is needed for the transaction of a great volume of business—about $7,000,000 a year in the London branch alone. There are now in England 1674 local co-operative stores, with a membership of 1,343,518; and to buy to the best advantage, to be independent of the natural hostility of the regular trade, the "locals" require to have their own "wholesales." These constitute the "Co-operative Wholesale Society," which does the tremendous business of $50,000,000 per year. To handle this properly the "Wholesale" has its own buyers in various parts of the world (the office of the New York representative is in the Produce Exchange Building), runs a line of freight-steamers to France and other points, does an independent banking business, and—though in general co-operation has been more successful in distribution than in production, that is, in trade rather than in manufacture—owns and runs certain factories. The principal centre of the Wholesale is at Manchester, but the London branch gives one a fair idea of its size and method.

As has been said, the Wholesale is owned and operated by the various local societies in the same way that these societies are owned and operated by their individual members. The shares of the Wholesale are bought by the locals, which elect the directors, permanency of management and policy being secured by the election of a single director at regular intervals, the process of changing the whole board, something over twenty members in all, if one's memory does not slip, being thus a slow one. The Wholesale applies the same principles on which, fifty years ago the Rochdale Pioneers established themselves, and

from which the movement has now grown to such huge proportions—cash payments and market-prices. The co-operators receive their profits after their stock is paid for — membership in the local costs a shilling, and the weekly charge is threepence, the amount remaining due on a share being drawn from profits—in proportion to the amount of their purchases.

Here is a distinction worth noting between the laboring-man's co-operative and the Army and Navy co-operative, for in the latter the purchaser expects to get the advantage of prices below the market-rates. The stock of the Army and Navy is also allowed to go to a premium, while that of the Wholesale is kept at par.

"But," said his visitor to Mr. Openshaw, as they took the lift from the second floor, where are the general offices, to the top floor to see the "Club" and the general Assembly-room, "do not the hard times affect your business very materially?"

"We hardly feel them," said Mr. Openshaw. And then he explained: "You see, co-operators become capitalists without saving, although of course we encourage saving. It costs them no more to live after becoming co-operators than it did before, and their profits, after the first small payments, go toward their stock, which is soon paid for in actual cash, almost without their knowing it. Many of them allow their profits to accumulate, either in our banks or in the purchase of additional stock, which, of course, draws in dividends the usual 5-per-cent. interest paid to capital. As we are owned by our customers, our policy is of course to make purchasing as easy as possible for them. We have arrangements by which their shares or other accumulations can be turned readily into cash or credit—the shares, for example, can be used as collateral—and thus the unconscious earnings of prosperous times can be turned into ready money in hard times. Our customers have thus the means of buying of us, just as usual. Such hard times do not, as a rule, last long, and then the old process of all-around accumulation is renewed."

By this time the Assembly-room, or Conference Hall, on the fifth floor, was reached. It measures 63 by 37 feet, and can hold 400 persons comfortably. To reach the roof, from which there is an extensive view of London, one has to go through the kitchen, which has facilities for supplying the needs of 300 people—there are, in all, from 500 to 600 persons employed in the warehouse.

The visitor accepted an invitation to dine at the "Club." This is a private room, with accommodations perhaps for 30, where the heads of departments are served. In adjacent rooms those of the employees who care to do so—about 200 in all—can buy their mid-day meal.

This meal is not a lunch, but a dinner. It was simple, but was neatly served and excellently cooked. It consisted that day of soup, a choice between roast beef and liver and bacon, with potatoes and one other vegetable (pease), and pie—think of that in England and not in New England!—or pudding. Everybody talked and joked, not about business, but about politics, the news of the day, or any chance topic. All were greatly interested in having an American visitor, and questioned him closely, especially regarding Tammany and the chance of permanent reform in New York—Tammany being to them the most inscrutable of mysteries.

Dinner over, there was an adjournment to the "Club" proper—a room where smoking was allowed. Here, while some chatted and others read, the most played cards or chaffed the players. For a full hour this went on uninterruptedly, without a hint of hurry or rush. Then the business of attending to a volume of $7,000,000 a year in trade was resumed in quite deliberate fashion.

The visitor next took a look at the working side of the Co-operative, the floors devoted to the furniture, ironmongery, and stationery departments; the show-rooms for boots and shoes and dry-goods; the sale and sample rooms for groceries and provisions (in the cellar there is an immense stock of American cheeses, largely Canadian); the first floor, where are the general offices and a bank, requiring seventy clerks; and last, but not least, the tea, coffee, and cocoa departments, to which a large part of the building is devoted, since the tea business of the Co-operative is the second in all London. The warehouse across the street, given up to the bacon trade, was not visited, through lack of time.

Everywhere, though all seemed to be hard at work, one was met by happy faces. "Why do you all smile so?" the visitor asked of a busy girl who was finishing up some tea packages. "Because we are so happy we cannot help it," was the reply. "You see," explained Mr. Openshaw, "we give them an eight-hour day and pay union prices. No, we do not require them to be co-operators, although very many of them are. We weed out, as far as we can, undesirable persons, and thus have one of the best selected forces in London morally. We encourage them to enjoy sensible good times in every way possible. Thus, for example, by depositing in our bank a certain small amount out of their pay week by week, many of them accumulate a 'vacation fund.' By clubbing together they can often make trips cheaper, and we try to help them in selecting the sort of trips they will like, and which will be of lasting benefit as a memory."

The visitor next made a short call on Mr. Benjamin Jones, the manager of the London Branch, who is a politician as well as a co-operator, and contested Woolwich as a Labor candidate at the recent election. He had none of the ear-marks by which we distinguish the professional labor leader here in America. He looked the well-dressed, spruce, alert, decisive man of business, such as is seen by the hundred on the streets of any large American city. The London branch of the Co-operative Wholesale was started by Mr. Jones more than twenty years ago with a few assistants, and has grown to its present proportions under his direction.

A natural question was why co-operation, which has proved so great a success in England, had made such slight progress in America.

To this Mr. Jones had no very satisfactory answer to give. One of the party suggested that it was, as Edward Everett Hale thought, due largely to the migratory character of the American people. As soon as a person became dissatisfied in one place he was ready to "pull up stakes" and try his luck in another. The American population is thus a constantly shifting one, while a stable population is necessary to successfully support a co-operative society in a given place. Mr. Jones endorsed this as probably the true reason for the comparative failure of co-operation in America. As confirmatory of this view, he instanced the fact that there were few co-operative societies in London, due, as was generally conceded, to the changing character of its population. It had been found hard to start them, and harder to maintain them.

The difficulty — generally supposed to be insuperable here in America — of obtaining managers of sufficient brains to conduct the business was dismissed with a smile by Mr. Jones. "We grow up in the business and with the business," he said, "and the law of natural selection and the survival of the fittest is allowed full play. There are plenty of good men coming to the front. The directors, representing our owners, the local societies, are wise men, and do not hamper us. I can assure you, from my own experience," he added, "that the greatest liberty is allowed to buyers and managers to exercise their individual judgment for the benefit of the departments of which they have charge, and that we make every effort to keep abreast or ahead of the times in our commercial policy. We are not above learning a trick or two from the enemy, and when the regular dealers try to crowd us to the wall —for you know our tributary societies are not obliged to buy of us unless it is to their advantage — we can 'cut prices' 'way below cost. We have a great advantage for this sort of warfare, for we are not in business to squeeze out the last penny of profit, and so varied is our volume of trade that we can make up for our losses in one thing by our profits in another. The enemy have learned this now," added Mr. Jones, with a smile, "and they are generally satisfied to let us alone.

"As for where the profit comes in in co-operation," continued Mr. Jones, "one simple illustration tells the story. The New York branch of the Wholesale buys flour at the lowest market-rate, paying cash and ordering in quantity, and ships it to Glasgow. The Scottish Wholesale forwards it to the Co-operative bakery, and the bakery distributes it to the consumers. In this process are saved the profits of the New York shipper, the Glasgow importer, and the private baker. The consumer receives these benefits in the form of a dividend on his purchases."

The visitor left Mr. Jones, impressed with the fact that he had been talking not to a visionary, but to a hard-headed modern man of business.

"But," said the visitor to Mr. Openshaw, who went with him to his cab, "the expense of securing capable managers must be large. How do you pay them what they are worth and not cause dissatisfaction?"

"We do not believe in big salaries in the Co-operative," said Mr. Openshaw. "The limit is $5000 a year, and few indeed receive that. There was Mr. J. T. W. Mitchell, who died the other day. His estate only footed up a few hundred dollars, and I don't suppose his salary ever went above $1500, although he was a leading director in the Wholesale. As he was a bachelor, I don't think he ever cared for more. His case was a little exceptional, and we pay the men actually in charge of the business at a higher rate. But we all find a great satisfaction in the success of the institution, and contentment is our motto. Take my own case. I was offered quite a little more than I receive in London to go to Montreal to become the buyer for the Wholesale there. But I am well enough off as it is. Then why should I make the change for a little more money?"

"Yes," thought the visitor, as his cab turned away from the Whitechapel district toward the Strand and Trafalgar Square, "Mr. Openshaw's way of looking at it tells the story. These men in the Co-operative seem to have learned the true philosophy—the secret of contentment. If so, the success of the institution is no longer a mystery."

STREET-COMMISSIONER WARING'S TOUR OF OBSERVATION IN EUROPE.

BY GEO. E. WARING, JUN.

V.—THE REMOVAL OF SNOW AND ICE IN PARIS.

Until and including the winter of 1879–80 the removal of snow and ice was carried on according to regulations promulgated by the *Préfet de la Seine*, which determined the obligations of property-owners and of the Administration. These are still in force, at least with regard to the duty of owners, who have to clear their sidewalks of snow, putting it into the street, or in banks on the walk itself; to break the ice in the gutters; to spread sand, ashes, or cinders on frozen surfaces; and finally, in certain cases—but only on the formal requisition of the Administration—to pile the snow of the street itself.

At the beginning of each winter printed notices are served on all owners, reminding them of their obligations. It is to be admitted, however, that their concurrence is secured only with difficulty; it is often necessary to call in the aid of the police, to bring many suits at law, and to enforce judgment in a great number of cases. This complicates the work of the Administration when all its energies are needed for the work on the streets. It is especially prohibited to deposit on the public thoroughfare any snow from roofs or from inner court-yards. There is published each year a list of places to which this snow may be carried.

Up to the date named the Administration provided for the clearing of the streets with the ordinary force of street-cleaners, supplemented by numerous auxiliary workmen, by the fifty wagons which the omnibus company is required by the terms of its franchise to furnish, and by the teams which the city has the right to exact from the contractors who remove street sweepings and house wastes. As all these resources were insufficient, contracts were at the beginning of the season made with private persons to furnish a certain number of wagons by the day. The city had no apparatus useful for snow-work, other than its sweeping-machines. The use of salt had not yet been seriously tried.

This organization had nearly always sufficed, because in Paris snow seldom lasts more than a few days, and thaws rapidly. But the experience of 1879–80 demonstrated that when much snow falls and the cold continues the usual methods are absolutely ineffective. As a consequence new regulations were made, which have worked well. These were:

1. The organization of the entire force early in the season by defined areas, so that the foremen and the men should know just what they were to do at the beginning of a storm, and so that without waiting for further orders they should betake themselves immediately to their posts.

2. Fixing the order of operations for removing snow from the streets according to their importance.

3. The use of mechanical aids to hasten the removal, and the application of salt to hasten the melting of the snow.

4. Dumping the snow into the river and discharging it into sewers.

5. The extensive co-operation of private enterprise, by turning over to contractors a portion of the hand-work and of the carting.

In time of snow all of the *personnel* of the street-cleaning department is employed for its removal. Each gang has its appointed rendezvous, its sand, its salt, and its prescribed place of discharge.

The streets are divided into three general categories: (1) wide streets, where the snow is piled in two rows, leaving a central space of from fifteen to twenty-five feet wide—provisionally; it is to be widened if time permits, either by piling the snow upon the sidewalks or by putting it all in one row; (2) narrow and crowded streets, from which the snow must be entirely removed; and (3) streets where it is to be piled in a single row to remain until it melts.

The sweeping-machines are provided with special brooms — prepared in advance — which have steel wires mixed in with the ordinary piassava. These can be substituted very quickly for the common broom. This system has the great advantage that it allows the use of a machine which is known to all, and which is made ready for snow-work in a moment. An extra horse is required. A rude sort of snow-plough is used to make the first opening in the middle of the street.

The use of salt for melting the snow is carried to a considerable extent. Pure fine salt for this purpose is delivered at the railway stations at about six dollars per gross ton — the state and city taxes, which amount to thirty-two dollars, being remitted. It was first used on a large scale in 1880. It produces a dark-colored slush, with a temperature of about 10° Fahrenheit, which will not freeze unless the thermometer falls below this degree. When it does not interfere too much with traffic in the streets it is often left in place for several days, because it does not freeze, and is to a considerable extent a preventive of slipping. If it becomes too thick it is removed with scrapers or with sweeping-machines. "Another property that is much appreciated in the use of salt in Paris is that it is the more rapid the more active the traffic; on streets of great travel the snow of the salted surface is reduced to mud in two hours."

The salt is spread from wheelbarrows by the shovel, and does not need to be very uniform. It is estimated that to melt packed snow to a depth of from one inch and a half to two inches about five ounces of salt are required per square yard. If the snow (packed) is six or eight inches deep, a surface layer is first melted and removed, and the lower layer is salted in turn. So far as the very complete official report is concerned, no account is taken of the effect of the salt and snow mixture on the health of the people, which is here thought to be serious.

From those parts of the city which are conveniently near the snow is dumped into the Seine, either at the landings or through openings in the parapet walls, which are closed after the winter weather is over. For remoter districts the sewer openings are used as much as possible. Special snow openings are made in the larger sewers. As much water as possible is run into them, and men standing on the banquettes of the sewers push the snow forward. There are used for the snow service 512 ordinary man-holes and 121 special snow openings.

As above stated, before 1880 the removal of snow was carried on by the city alone, with its own forces, and thousands of workmen hired for the occasion. These it had to supply with tools, and it had to arrange for their regular and frequent payment. From lack of organization and discipline, these men did slow work, and they were all the more ready to take advantage of the situation because they were working for the public. It was therefore determined, following the custom in other European cities, to let out portions of the work to contractors. The city was divided into sections, well regulated as to convenience of carting and dumping, and a price was fixed per cubic metre for loading and removal. The Administration, with its own men and machines, piles the snow in rows, and the contractors cart it away. This division of the work has been very satisfactory, especially with regard to rapidity of handling.

In addition to the above, certain work beyond their contract obligations is done by the omnibus and tramway companies, the city furnishing them sweeping-machines and scrapers, which they operate with their own teams.

The order of work is as follows: If snow falls in the daytime, the workmen—without waiting for it to stop—use their brooms, shovels, and hand-scrapers to move it toward the sides of the streets, and from sidewalks in front of public property. House-owners do the same for their walks, urged thereto by the authorities. In this way the effort is made immediately to clear a sufficient width for foot-passengers and for vehicles.

Efforts are especially concentrated on streets of the first importance. If at the time of beginning work the snow is as much as four inches deep, so that it cannot be moved by hand, then the sweeping-machines are used for the middle of the carriageway, and the snow is piled in rows by the men.

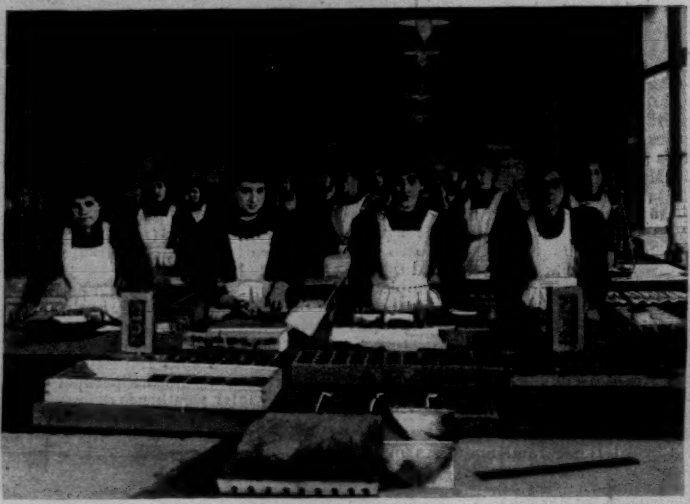
If the morning finds a depth of six or eight inches, the horse snow-ploughs (or side scrapers) are used to open a width of from fifteen to twenty-five feet. These are followed by sweeping-machines. If these means do not suffice to bare the pavement, or when travel has packed the snow almost to the consistency of ice, it is heavily sanded, or is treated with salt to melt it. Freedom of circulation being thus assured, the carting is begun, and the men are sent to clear the streets of the second class, and the snow is carted from them. If a thaw has not set in by this time, the streets of the third class are cleared in their turn.

As soon as a thaw begins, nearly all the contract carting is suspended, and the hydrants are opened; all the sweeping-machines are set at work, the slush is pushed toward the sewer inlets, "and in a short time the city has taken on its usual aspect."

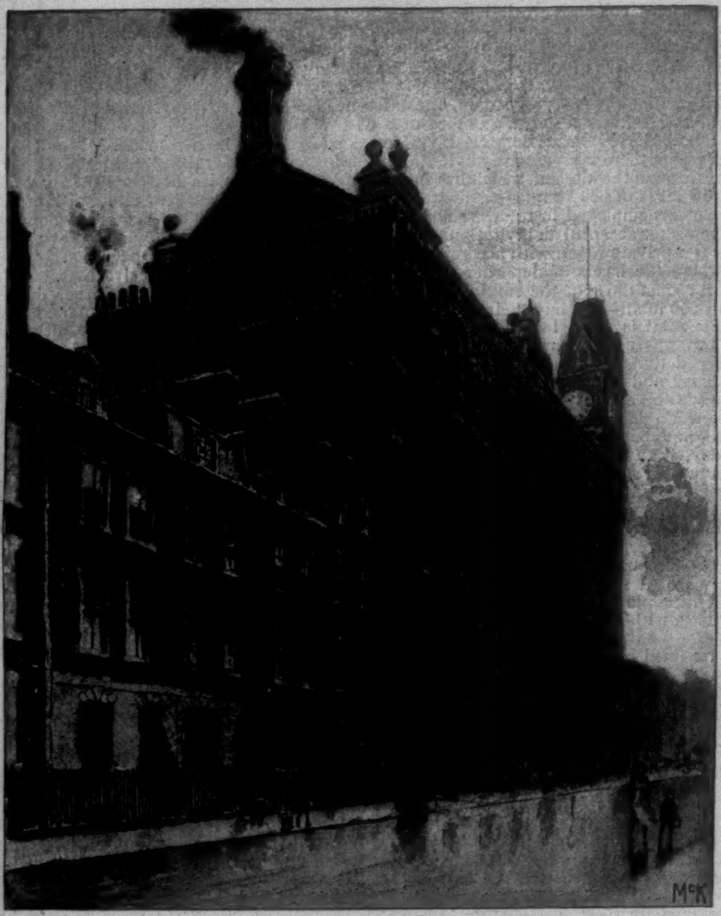
The foregoing has been gleaned from the official reports of the "Directions of Works" of the Department of the Seine. It is written after nearly two weeks' struggle with the very heavy and badly drifted snow of December 15, and when the banks and piles of snow in three-quarters of the streets of New York are frozen solid. I have tried in vain to find a way in which the Paris prescription could have been made to give us relief.

WEIGHING COFFEE.

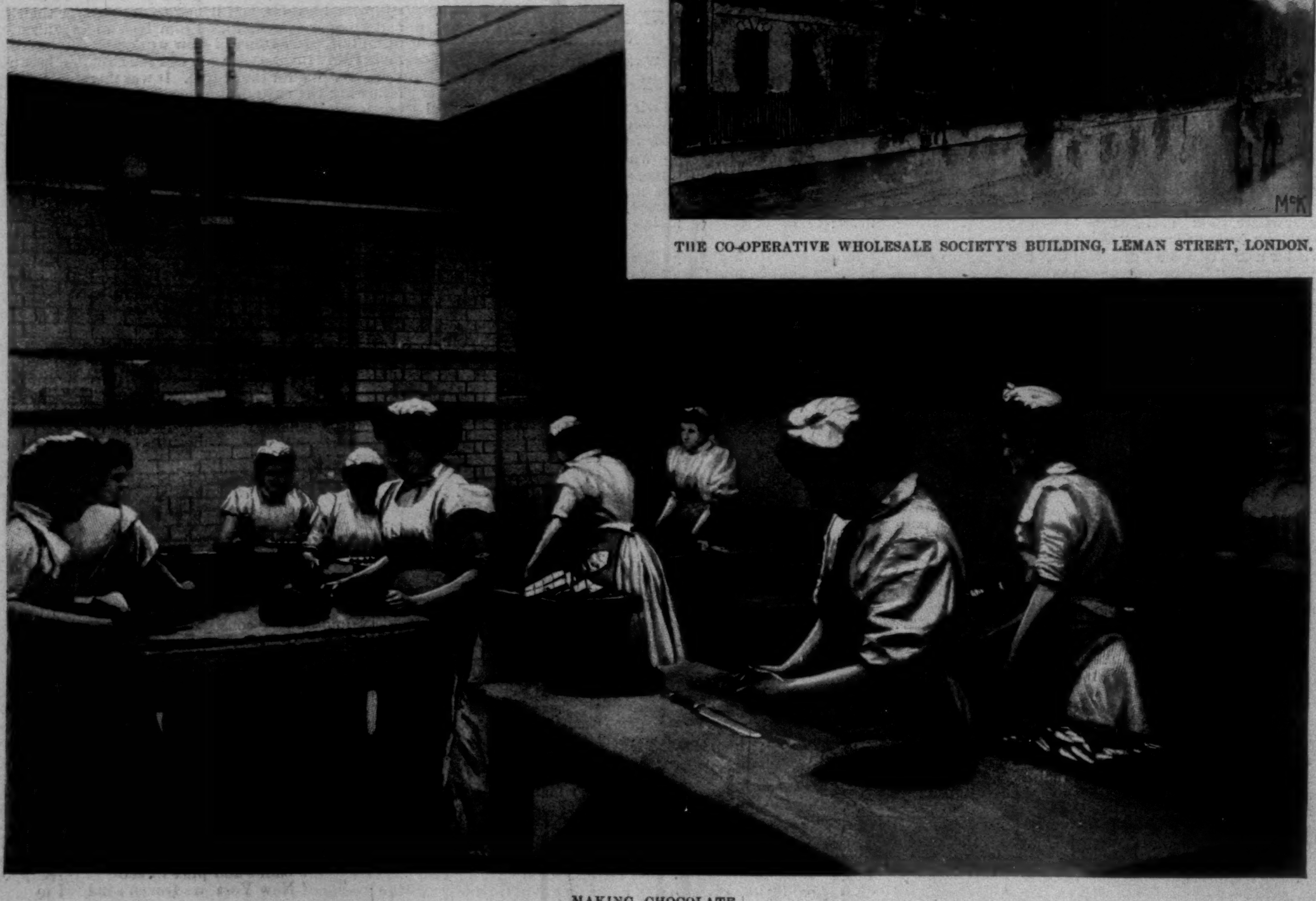
IN THE TEA-TASTING ROOM.



LABELLING TEA.

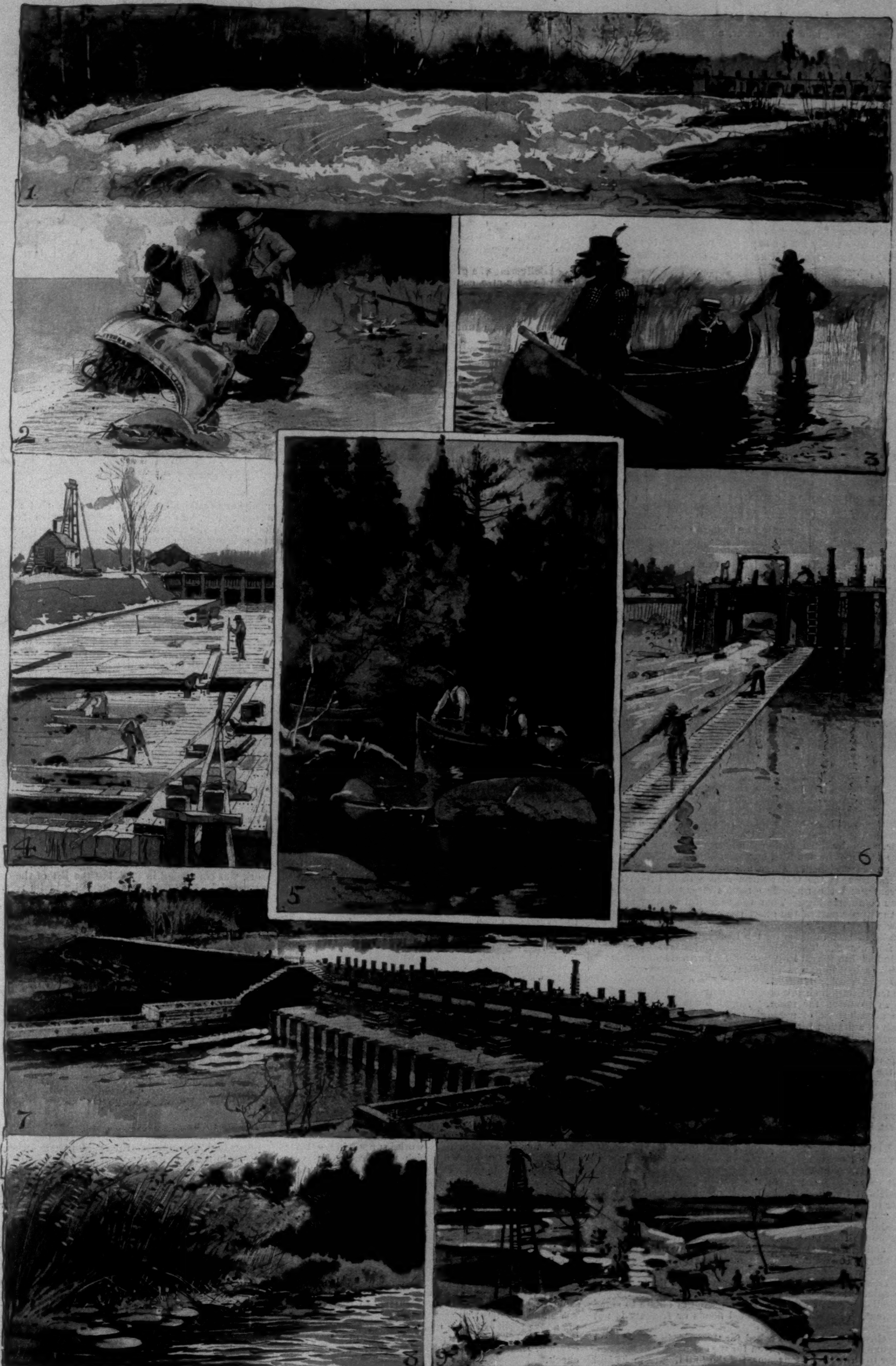


THE CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY'S BUILDING, LEMAN STREET, LONDON.



MAKING CHOCOLATE.

A VISIT TO THE LONDON BRANCH OF THE CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY.—[See Page 34.]



THE GREAT RESERVOIR SYSTEM OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.—[SEE PAGE 38.]

1. Pokegama Falls just below the Dam. 2. Indians patching Holes in a Canoe. 3. The Engineer in Charge on his Rounds among the Reservoirs. 4. Laying the Floor of a Lock—Sandy Lake Dam. 5. Showing the Actual Width of the Upper Mississippi in the Summer of 1894. 6. Pokegama Dam—passing Logs. 7. Winnibigoshish Dam, with Glimpse of the Largest Reservoir in the World. 8. In Pokegama Reservoir. 9. Building Sandy Lake Dam, Lower End of Coffer-Dam.

THE JINGO.

OH come ahead, let's have a war, no matter what the cost—
A chance to fight with some one is a thing not to be lost.
We've got a navy and a half, and scattered through the land
Are specimens of an army that is really very grand.

Old General Someone—I forget exactly who, or when—
Told me our army had at least some sixty-seven men,
Not counting bands and officers, of whom there's near a score;
So come ahead, get out your guns, and let us have a war!

There's England, we can fight with her about 'most anything.
She's always ready for a scrap; let's get her in the ring.
Or, if she won't, there's Russia; if there's no cause for a fuss,
Why, look about and find one; anything will do for us.

If Russia won't, then Ho for Greece, or On to Italy,
Or Sweden, Denmark, Austria, or warlike Germany,
Or China, France—it matters not with whom or what it's for,
As long as we can go ahead and have a bloody war.

And should it happen that those folks on t'other side won't fight,
Why, let us turn about and see what we have here in sight.
A war among ourselves, perhaps—by Jove! a notion grand!
The navy on the seaboard 'gainst the army on the land!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE GREAT RESERVOIR SYSTEM OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

ONE of the most interesting of modern engineering enterprises has been the building of great dams mid-stream in the leonine Mississippi, at strategic points along its upper course, hard by some lake into which the current has broadened, for the purpose of making immense reservoirs.

The Mississippi river, though a majestic stream, and one unparalleled in many ways in the world, is yet not so self-supporting that it does not sometimes show signs of failing strength, not so self-reliant that it does not at times gladly avail itself of the aid of the arm of man, to whom it has given such splendid support through so long a course of years.

Throughout its thousands of miles it has been, these many years, an important factor in the commerce of the people. On its lower half—or its lower three-fourths would be putting it more correctly—a vast amount of traffic has been carried on through its indispensable instrumentality, and even in these days of steel rails there are many plans afloat for still more widely utilizing its generous current. Upon its upper one-fourth the products of the mighty forests of the North are borne along to the hungry mills—millions of feet of fine pine logs; indeed, it would not be out of the range of truth to say billions of feet—while the tonnage of this valuable freight annually reaches up into the millions.

But, powerful as this great watercourse is, there come times when it languishes. Seasons of steady drought come, when the precipitation is but very slight through all the summer-time months, and sometimes but scanty in the spring and fall. There are periods, too, when for several seasons the water-sheds refuse their life-giving currents, and the majestic stream's strength is sapped. Then commerce lags. Then the beautiful scenery along all the upper part of the great river must be imperfectly viewed from stuffy steam-cars, or not at all. Then the logs lie in lazy millions on the banks, waiting the rising of the waters. Then this broad, majestic Mississippi dwindles through all its upper course into a slender stream a child might fling a pebble over.

Over a quarter of a century ago those who had watched the noble stream shrink under the sullen days of drought began planning for relief. About seventeen years ago the actual work of supplying this relief began in the form of agitation for governmental aid to construct great reservoirs, which should be used for the storage of the waters of the upper river, so that in time of drought the thirsty stream might slake its thirst, and go on its course to the sea renewed in strength and fitted to do its important work for mankind. At last the needed relief has come—such relief as provides not only for the demands of commerce, and supplies opportunities æsthetic, and preserves from wasting floods, but saves in dignity. For, treat it as we may, our noblest continental stream doth sadly lose in dignity when it runs in shallows.

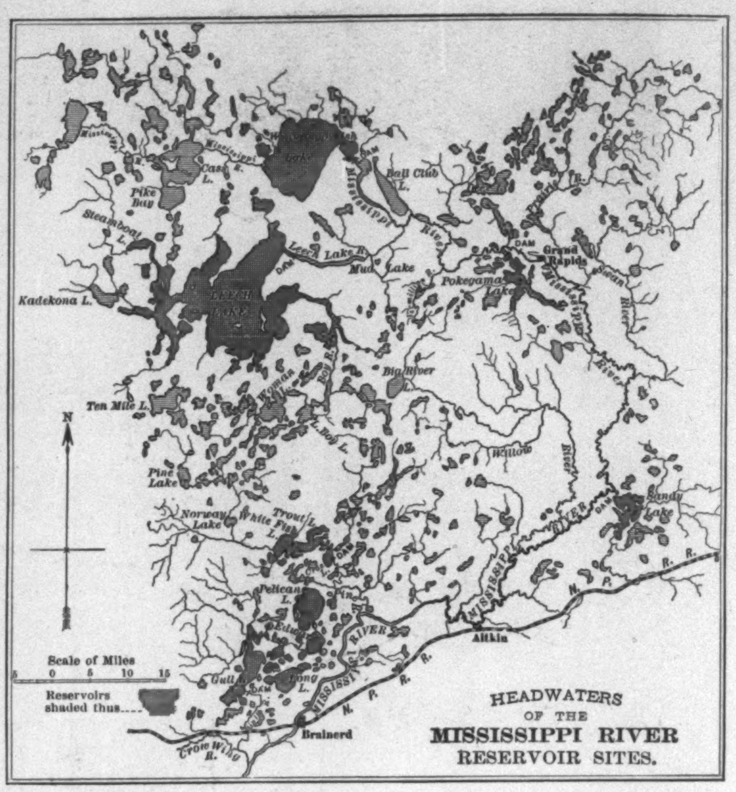
I may not more succinctly set forth the object of establishing this vast reservoir system than by quoting from a report made in 1893 to Congress by Major W. A. Jones, who stands in charge of the system, and to whom I am indebted for kind favors in the preparation of material for this article. Major Jones says:

"The project has for its object the construction and maintenance of reservoirs at the headwaters of the Mississippi River, in the State of Minnesota, for the purpose of collecting the surplus water, principally from the precipitation of water in spring and early summer, to be systematically released, so as to benefit navigation upon the Mississippi River below the dams and as far down as Lake Pepin. Reductions in heights of floods in localities immediately below the dams are expected to obtain to some extent, but control of extended floods or freshets is not expected."

Government aid was asked for the work in 1880. Government aid had been given for the excavating of harbors, for the dredging of streams, for the building of locks and canals—why, the advocates of the new system argued, should not government aid be granted for this work, public in its nature, and for the benefit of all who desired to navigate this stream? It was only after a battle royal, however, that even a small preliminary appropriation was secured, and it has taken hard and persistent work to secure appropriations sufficient to carry on the work.

When sufficient money was in sight to warrant the prosecution of the work, three interesting and important problems were set for solution:

1. The surveying of a series of water-sheds, in order to find out at what point they would best focalize their waters for reservoir purposes—a unique undertaking.
2. The building of big dams at these focal points to convert thousands of unoccupied acres of land into the largest reservoirs in the world—also a unique undertaking.
3. The delivering of a given volume of water at a certain point and at a given time into a main stream from reservoirs on different streams scores of miles apart—another unique procedure.



HEADWATERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER RESERVOIR SITES.

The work of preliminary surveying began in the year 1881. Through rain and shine, through intense heat, and through intenser cold, the men who solved the first problem carried on their work. They followed up the streams in a given locality, tested the volume, and ascertained the power of their fall, found out the topographical facts of value, and then settled upon a basin, so to speak, a locality into which the streams of a certain territory naturally flowed, and where a reservoir could be formed at the least expenditure of the governmental money, and with the best results for the proposed system. Some of the work which has been done by the surveying parties has been done in midwinter, and midwinter in northern Minnesota means a thermometer registering sometimes 30, sometimes 40, sometimes 50 degrees below the zero point. One crew of twelve men spent the entire winter in tents, the thermometers often indicating the above temperatures. They were, of course, warmly clad, and they were supplied with small stoves, but neither of these preventives was sufficient to obviate suffering. The uniformly windless weather, however, made life bearable in a climate where, had the wind been violent, life would have been of little worth.

The engineers and underworkers on these long surveying expeditions have one satisfaction, at least, in the knowledge that while they met many of the problems that are common to every enterprise requiring topographical work, they were yet engaged upon a work the like of which had never been attempted before, the like of which will never be attempted again.

And the reason it will never be undertaken again lies in the fact that there is probably no other region in the world to-day where such a system would be of value, where the people would consent to the spoliation of such vast quantities of arable land as have been seized upon to make these reservoirs. Happily, in this instance, the land was largely the property of the government, and no individual rights were violated. Much of the land taken was valuable; much of it was in the form of swamps, which would hardly have been of any commercial importance save by long years of costly drainage. Still, whatever may have been the initial value of the land, it has become of immense value now through its aid in forming the basins of these reservoirs.

When the land had been carefully surveyed for the first reservoir at the foot of Winnibigoshish Lake, the work of constructing the first dam was begun, that the second problem might be solved. This dam, as in the case of the others, was thrown across the stream at the point most suitable, below the lake, which, as in a number of instances in the course of the Upper Mississippi, is an enlargement of the river. The dam to be constructed at a given point in the system must be strong enough to withstand the pressure of a vast volume of water, and long enough so that the water may not flank it and eat away courses on either side. On account of the flat character of the country the reservoirs have to be shallow and of large area. The dams, therefore, are low and of the simplest construction. They are earthen embankments, with a water-tight "diaphragm," as it is called, made of sheet piles driven along its axis, or middle line. Another line of piles is driven at the foot of the upper slope, and another at the foot of the lower slope. The operating part of the dams, through which the water is discharged, under control, is simply wooden crib-work, supporting a lot of sluiceways on the bottom, which are closed with vertically moving slide valves, operated by hand machinery on top. These wooden valves are wooden gates, perhaps twenty-five of them in one dam, four feet wide by five feet high.

The dams are called "low" in distinction from those which have to be constructed under different conditions. There are no mountainous regions round about, the reservoirs are not fed from mountain torrents, and there is little danger from quick floods behind them, so that they are not constructed on the same plans as the dams in the mountain gorges and passes, which hold back large bodies of water for irrigation or municipal purposes. At the same time, they must be constructed so that they will withstand the most powerful pressure the reservoir supply above them can exert under the most favorable conditions, and this immense bank of earth will be able, so the engineers maintain, to hold the reservoir waters in secure check.

The dams are constructed so that the top shall be at least two feet above the flowage level of the water above them. In case there should be a sudden and great increase in the water above, the construction is such that the surplusage could all be taken care of, so that no danger would follow. In case some unprecedented flood came down from the North, comparatively little danger from floods below the dams would result, even if the water should overflow the operating platforms. It is of interest to note in this connection that the dams are never left alone, night or day, the year around, watchmen being employed whose sole business it is to keep a careful outlook for the security of the dams.

When the dams have been completed, the water backs up, as the phrase goes, and overflows the lands in the low region above. The work of the surveyors has indicated the amount of water which would be needed to fill the basin of the proposed reservoir, and the water simply flows back and occupies the territory. Thus the reservoirs form vast reaches of water, some of them so large that the eye cannot see from shore to shore. In one place, in the Winnibigoshish reservoir, it is sixteen miles across the lake of water which has been established to meet the needs of the river. Thousands of acres of land are submerged. The combined capacity of the reservoirs is nearly one hundred billion cubic feet of water—an amount almost incomprehensible.

Five dams have already been constructed. The dam at Winnibigoshish Lake was the initial one. It was completed in 1883-4. It is located at the lower arm of the lake by that name, through which the Mississippi flows. It has a reservoir capacity of forty-five billion cubic feet.

At Leech Lake the second dam was built in 1884, having a cubic-feet reservoir capacity of thirty billions.

A third dam was completed in the same year at Pokegama Falls, a picturesque place on the great river at a point where there has been a strong cataract. The main work was completed in 1884, but the lift of the dam was increased in 1889. It has a capacity in its reservoir of four billion seven hundred million cubic feet.

The dam in Pine River, a tributary of the Mississippi, was the fourth one built, completed in 1886, with a capacity in its reservoir of seven billion five hundred million cubic feet.

The fifth reservoir, that at Sandy Lake, was completed in 1895, and has a capacity of over two billion cubic feet of water.

At this last reservoir the lake which forms the reservoir proper is only a short distance, say one thousand yards, from the Mississippi River, at a point one hundred miles below the Pokegama, the great distributing reservoir of the system.

An extremely interesting problem was presented in the construction of this reservoir. Sandy Lake River, below the dam, has practically no slope. Ordinary navigation discharges from Pokegama reservoir raise the river at Sandy Lake from three to four feet. This raises the water below the Sandy Lake dam to a level higher than it is in the reservoir above, and reverses all of the pressure conditions on the dam and its gates. As if this state of affairs were not sufficiently perplexing for the engineer in designing his structure, Congress ordered a lock placed in the dam for the passage of steamboats, and that it should be built for $30,000. The engineer solved the gate part of his problem by struggling with the device known as the bear-trap weir, until he succeeded in making it reversible. That is to say, these lock gates automatically open by folding flat upon the bottom, and close by raising, and will carry a pressure from an excess of head on either side. He found the benefits of this bear-trap lock gate to include low cost, no machinery for handling, no gate pressure on the lock walls, rapidity of manipulation, and the fact that the locks can be made of any width up to at least three hundred feet. This trap consists of an up-stream and a down-stream leaf, each hinged transversely to the floor, and rising and falling by folding the one upon the other. The rotating edges of the two are connected by chains to control the rotation. The gap between the rotating edges is closed by another leaf, hinged to the crest of the down-stream leaf, and sliding freely upon the upper surface of the up-stream leaf. These three leaves, taken in connection with the vertical side walls of the lock, form a hydraulic chamber. When the water is let into it from the upper pool the pressure from the head raises the gate and closes the opening, cutting off

the supply from the upper pool, and allowing the water from the chamber to run into the lower pool, and the gate falls upon the bottom. By properly setting the valve which controls the inlet and outlet flumes the crest of the gate may be maintained at any desired elevation within its working limits. It is said that this form of the bear-trap weir furnishes a sure and simple, as well as cheap, method of controlling ponded water under any and all conditions.

The total cost of the reservoirs to date has been over six hundred thousand dollars. They cost per year for maintenance and repairs about fifteen thousand dollars. Surveys have been ordered for another dam at Gull Lake, and if the necessary appropriations are secured, work will in due time be commenced at this point.

The reservoirs are, for the most part, many miles from railroad communication. They are in a part of the country little visited by travellers, save such as are attracted by the splendid opportunities for hunting and fishing in the region round about. In a general way, the reservoirs may be said to be located in the Great Lake region of the State of Minnesota, in the midst of an extensive area of wooded swamp and open meadows and marshes. Their general elevation is about one thousand two hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea. There are thirty thousand lakes in this lake region, and the State has a water area in its own borders of many thousands of square miles. The dams and the reservoirs, situated as they are in the heart of a picturesque and inviting region, are quite certain to become year by year more and more attractive to the tourist, especially when the railroad shall have brought them nearer to civilization's paths.

The following tabular statement, compiled from a larger table in the office of the chief of engineers at St. Paul, gives some interesting information as to the immense size of these reservoirs, put in condensed form:

Working Height of Dam above Low Water, in Feet.	Area of Reservoir, High Water, Sq. Miles.	Low Water.	Area of Water-shed, Sq. Miles.
Winnibigoshish 14	161.26	117.	1442.43
Leech Lake.................. 6	283.80	173.19	1162.80
Pokegama Lake............ 9	45.29	24.13	660.23
Pine River...................17	33.76	8.	562.07
Sandy Lake 7	16.52	33.33	421.50
	490.63	355.65	4249.03

The water-shed of the Mississippi above the Crow Wing River has an area of 7107.78 square miles; the Crow Wing River, 3608.71; Mississippi River below the Crow Wing, 9014.22; the Minnesota River, 16,350 — making a total area of water-shed above the city of St. Paul of 36,080 square miles.

In conversation one day with Major Jones, in charge of the system, he spoke of the enormous importance of the directing of the water of the land surfaces of the globe, saying, among other things:

"There is no operation in engineering so fraught with importance to mankind as the regulation of the flow of water which results from rainfall. This business is a straight proposition in hydraulic engineering, and never has been, nor never can be, solved by other than trained engineers. The problems, after solution, seem simple enough, but their solution requires the services of men trained and experienced in this class of work. It is not appropriate business for farmers and the Agricultural Department, nor for geologists and the Geological Survey. Given a definite, superficial area of land, from which all surplus rainfall will flow toward and into one channel, and the benefits which will result to the population along that channel from the control of its water-flow are great and far-reaching. Here are some:

"1. Prevention of floods or a reduction of their intensity.

"2. A sure supply of water for navigation during the low-water season.

"3. A more nearly uniform distribution of the water for power purposes.

"4. Furnishing water for irrigation purposes.

"5. Preventing deterioration of water used for domestic purposes during low-water periods.

"A desert is a place where rainfall is not sufficient to support life. If the earth's rainfall were uniformly distributed over its surface there would be no desert. Each desert area is surrounded by a zone where precipitation is sufficient for grass and low bushes, but not for trees nor agriculture. This is the borderland of desert. The varying effects of climatic changes alternately expand and contract this zone. It may, over an indefinite period of years, contract and absorb the desert — *vide* the Great American Desert—or it may expand and extend its borders far into the region of lands arable without irrigation. There are many indications that over the great plains areas of the northern hemisphere this process is now going on. A careful assemblage of facts will doubtless show that over these great areas and along their wet borders the lakes and streams have for many years past been gradually drying up. And, furthermore, they bear remarkable evidence of a time when the precipitation was far less than at present. It is therefore a matter of gravest importance for the people of the United States to conserve and control precipitation over and near this borderland of desert."

We come now to the third problem which confronted the men who had such faith in this unique engineering enterprise—the utilization of the water when once it was stored in these the vastest reservoirs in the world.

This was the one all-important matter in the eyes of the public. The engineers might go on and make any number of so-called improvements, but if there was nothing practical as a result, the whole scheme would be a failure—a piece of jobbery, the enemies of the enterprise would claim.

The practical working of the system has more than justified the claims of its projectors. At any time from the early spring months until the late autumn—until the frost king has begun his sway, in fact—the Mississippi River for nearly four hundred miles of its course can be controlled, regulated, manipulated. From his office in the city of St. Paul, Major Jones, directing the operation of the system, can send out orders which will, at a given hour, bring to any part of the river in all this upper portion a given amount of increased flow, in any depth from a half-inch to two feet and six inches.

The immense importance of this increase to the commerce of the region cannot be appreciated by any one unfamiliar with the vast logging and lumber interests of this portion of the country.

All along the entire system there are foot-paths and horse-paths for the runners or messengers who pass from dam to dam in the carrying of messages or in the patrolling of the system. There are telephone connections, also, over the greater part of the system, the telephones being established at government expense. At any time when the low state of the river demands it, the superintendent of the system issues his orders for an increase in the flow of the river, regulating the amount of the increase by the immediate climatic conditions. In the early spring, when there are likely to be heavy rains over the territory which the river drains in its upper part, there is no need of an increase in volume; in point of fact, the need at this season is that the strong dams hold back the water and prevent disastrous floods, and they perform this important duty very creditably. When the season wears along into the drier summer, the river oftentimes begins to decrease in volume. Navigation becomes impeded. The outlook for the running of logs is dark. There are indications that, without aid, the river will be unable to perform its functions.

The orders go out, timed so as to produce the requisite increase at the right time to a day, and the gates are raised in the reservoir dams. The pent-up waters rush through, glad of their release, and down they go in a heavy stream, increasing the immediate flow in the river below by from three to four feet. Gradually this depth is reduced to the actual needs of the river, until, at the lower points in the course, where the water is most needed, the depth is just sufficient to restore the great river to its normal size. It is a very difficult undertaking, this feeding of a mighty river, but long study, a careful investigation of the relative losses by absorption *en route* and by evaporation, with a constant consideration of the thousand and one minor elements of the situation—all this enables the director of the river to increase the current just whenever and just wherever he pleases.

It is a strange power which this man wields—the controlling of hundreds of miles in the course of one of the mightiest rivers on the globe, holding it in check, steadily supporting it in time of sore need, raising it from its rocky bed, where it lies a stricken giant prone and weak, undone by the tremendous attacks of the deadly, devastating drought.

During the summer of 1894 the river reached the lowest point ever known. It had been a period of unparalleled drought all over the Northwest, and especially low in precipitation in the Upper Mississippi Valley. The drought was so protracted that the stream was fast dwindling, and the indications were that if the dry weather continued and there should be no relief, the river in many places would become nearly dried up in its bed. An increase in the flow was ordered from the reservoir system when it seemed for the best. So carefully was the work performed and so well was the flow regulated from the different dams, that in eleven days from the time the gates were raised at Pokegama the river at St. Paul was raised two feet in height, and for several weeks this artificial flow was continued—continued, in fact, until the late fall rains came dashing down in haste to help the noble stream. Had it not been for this reserve force the industries of the upper river must have greatly suffered. The superintendent in this extreme case practically made the Mississippi.

Every season in the midsummer months the aid of the system to the river is beyond estimate as to commercial advantages. As far down the stream as the city of Dubuque the influence reaches, for at this point, two hundred and ninety miles below St. Paul, and seven hundred and thirty-five miles below the Winnibigoshish dam, the river, by actual measurements made by the Signal Service officers, was raised three inches.

Of course after the river broadens out into Lake Pepin below St. Paul the aid to navigation on the Lower Mississippi becomes less, and it is doubtful if the property along the rivers below the lake could be obtained for the making of other reservoirs in other streams. If it could be obtained at a reasonable expenditure of money the controlling of the entire river from Itasca to the Gulf would lie in the hands of man.

This vast reservoir system stands unique among the engineering enterprises of the world. It accentuates anew the mental equipment of the men of the nineteenth century. It has been a magnificent help to the noblest stream of water on the globe, giving it for all time to come the splendid aid of the strong arm of man.

W. S. Harwood.

TO A CERTAIN PROFESSION.

BY E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

Ah, if it were only true!
(What happily might be, I mean)—
If virtue won always its due;
If naughtiness lost its screen!
If love were but constant—ever;
If fortune favored the brave!
If honor and strength won, even at length,
A guerdon more sweet than the grave!

But oh, Iago, my friend,
The pity of it!—this living,
Where it seems as if only to players, in plays,
The gods give rewards worth giving!
Our fate turns an iron wheel,
And loves to break us o'er it.—
A laurel for sure, if a man but endure?—
Tut! go to your theatre for it!

Romeo's letters in court;
Antonio's friendship a jest;
A Coriolanus, cheapening votes;
Desdemona— I spare you the rest.
Hamlet at law for the will;
Imogen ogling her page,—
Fie on this garden unweeded! Who needed
To tell us this world's *not* a stage?

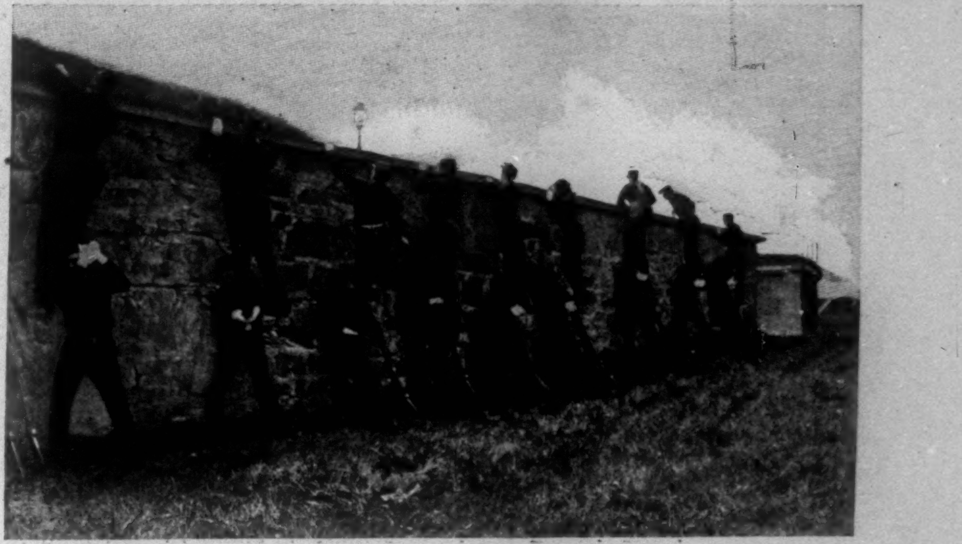
Haunt then the playhouse, my chum!—
Life's brightest side is its glitter.
What, is the optimist dumb?
Not all my railing too bitter?—
Oh, could one know what life means;
Set right disjointed old Time;
Find out a reason (by getting one's knees on?)
As easy as write down a rhyme!

ENVOY.

Jig-makers all, like the Dane,
Cheery to each Year and Day be!
Only through ye can the rest of us see
What this world isn't—but may be.

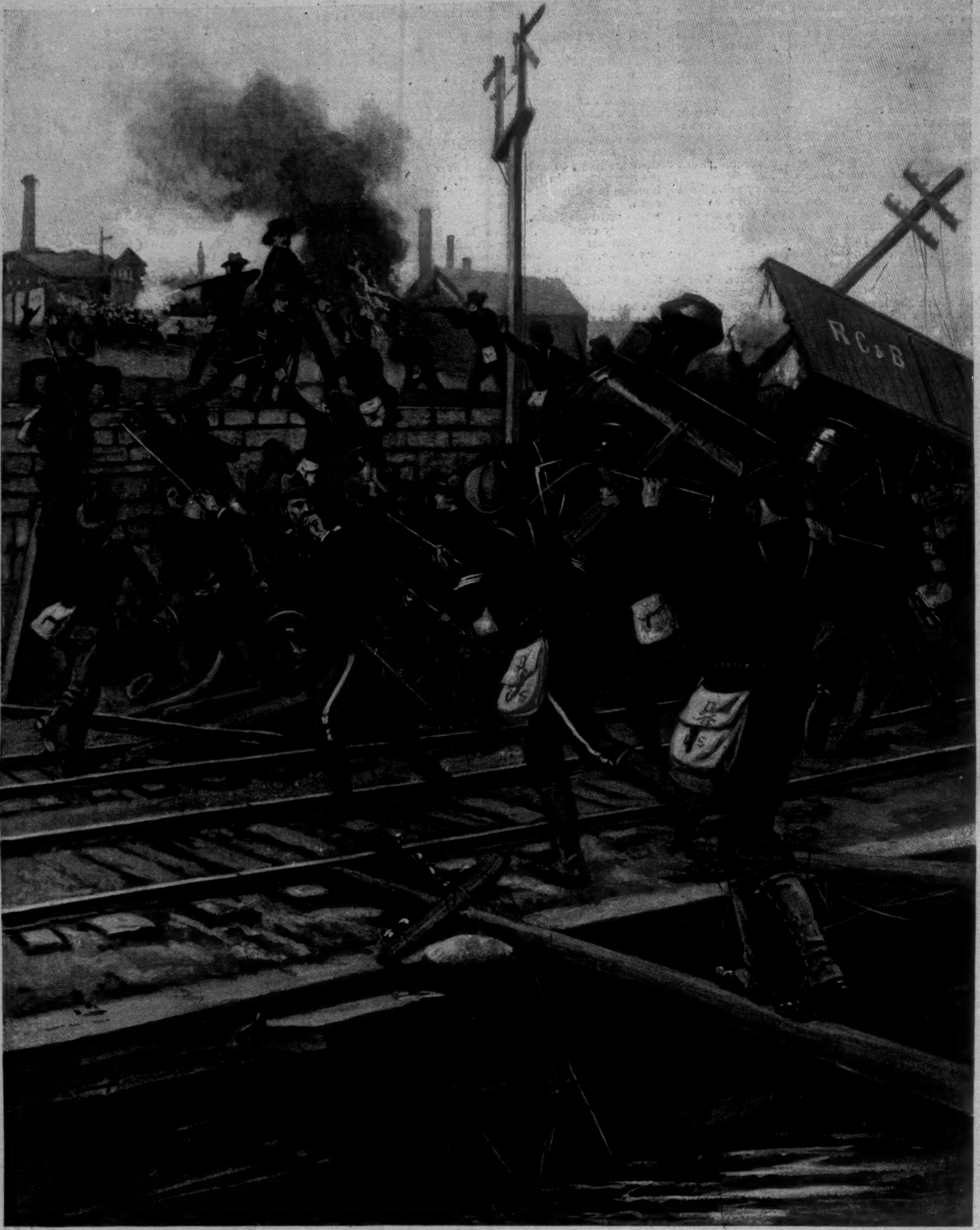
MILITARY ATHLETICS.

Macaulay, in speaking of the Irish soldiery of James II., says that "the raw material out of which a good army may be formed existed in great abundance," but adds that "it was vain to imagine that bodily prowess, animal courage, or patriotic enthusiasm would, in the day of battle, supply the place of discipline." What was true two hundred years ago in respect to the inefficiency, as soldiers, of untrained, undisciplined men, no matter how patriotic, brave, and vigorous, is true to-day, and, to my mind, there is no people to whom Macaulay's words could be more justly applied than to our own. That the American people are possessed to a high degree of the attributes of courage, patriotism, and robust physical vigor no well-informed or unprejudiced person can deny; but "soldiering" is a trade, to be learned like any other, and a trade which cannot be learned in a month. It took more than a year in the hardest and most exacting school, the school of actual war, to form Lee's "magnificent infantry," more than two terrible years of disaster and defeat to produce the splendid "blue riders" of Sheridan, Gregg, and Merritt. To no one are these facts more patent than to the professional soldier; and though greatly handicapped in its work, as it always has been, by its lack of strength in point of numbers, the "regular" army of this country is not idle in its efforts properly to train its members for the work they may at any time be called upon to do, and now more than at any period in its history—for now for the first time in many years, almost since the United States has existed, the greater part of the army is not engaged in operations against a savage and implacable foe—the soldier has leisure to prepare himself "in time of peace for time of war."



WALL-SCALING DRILL—REAR RANK MEN GOING UP.

The prominence given in foreign armies to the physical training of enlisted men has naturally suggested to the



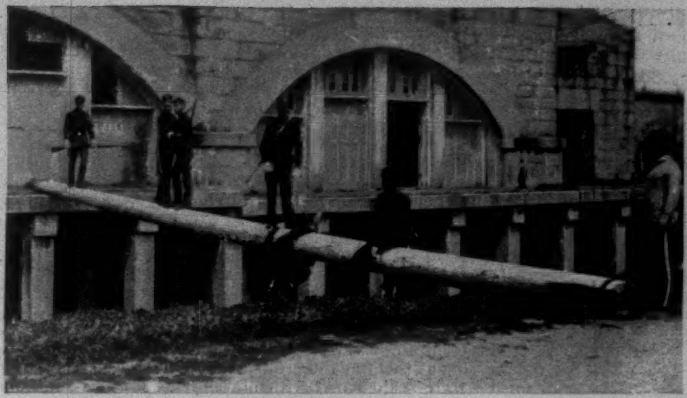
ARMY ATHLETICS PRACTICALLY APPLIED IN QUELLING RIOTERS.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

authorities of our own the absolute necessity for introducing some such training among us—one which shall bring the private soldier of the United States army to a higher state of efficiency. The need of this has for many years been recognized by our officers, and enthusiasts have from time to time attempted to introduce at scattered posts plans of their own for its accomplishment. But not until within the last year or two, since General Miles gave his official sanction to the effort, have any of these plans assumed practical shape, or become, as in his department, part of the regular drill of the soldier. Now the athletic movement in the army is well under way, meetings having as early as 1895 been held at Denver, Colorado, and Fortress Monroe. The methods followed are those which were first formulated at the recruiting-depot of Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

Many of the young men entering our service are found to possess more strength than activity, and the knowledge of how to use this strength is altogether lacking. Those coming from farms, factories, and shops, where the muscles were made "heavy" rather than exercised, want that pliability in their muscles which accompanies activity and grace. Consequently many recruits, though well muscled, are unable to jump any appreciable distance either in height or width, or to run any length of time without the greatest fatigue. Their muscles are rigid and set, like a machine without oil. All work is accomplished with great expenditure of energy.

The daily drills which have now been established for the soldier have therefore been planned with a view to overcoming these common faults by cultivating a greater pliability of muscle and joint. Every variety of exercise tending to develop the physique, improve the general carriage, and so ultimately fit the soldier to endure the hardships and amenities of field service, is entered into. No funds having yet been appropriated for gymnasiums, most of the work has to be done out-of-doors. But while a drill in the open air has its advantages over in-door work, the severity of our winters at many posts unfortunately necessitates the suspension of the drill for a portion of the year. In the mean time these limitations, which, it is hoped, will before long be overcome, are not altogether discouraging, since the field of instruction is large, and much variety can be afforded the men. Well-regulated calisthenics, dumbbell and bar-bell work, and Indian-club exercises, are given. The customary field and track events —jumping, hurdling, putting the shot, throwing the hammer, and vaulting—are also taught, in order to familiarize the men with that line of athletics. But though instruction in these lines has been given, that which would be of greatest practical value to the soldier in the field has naturally suggested itself for experiment, and the more serious drilling has been in systematic physical and military gymnastics—for instance, the carrying of dead or dying men from the field of battle in the simplest, easiest, and most expeditious manner; familiarity with the horizontal beam, used in crossing streams and ditches. The beam used in these cases is about one foot in diameter and thirty feet long. The soldiers are drilled in crossing it in various positions, and in passing each other on it, until they gain confidence in themselves and their foothold.

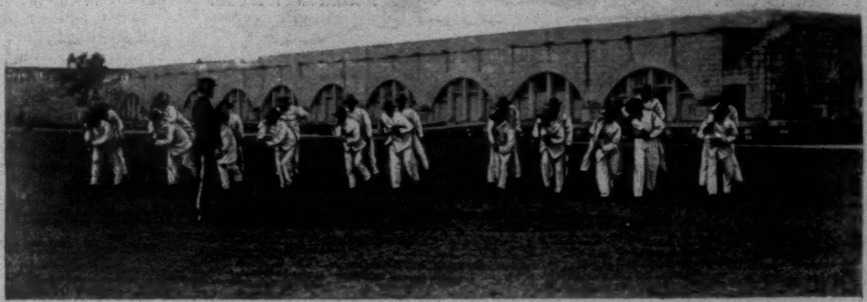
The most interesting of the drills is that in which a body of a hundred or more men charge toward a perpendicular wall ten or twelve feet in height, surmounting it almost as soon as the command can be given. In this exercise the men are in two ranks. At the command, "Prepare to scale!" each front-rank man takes the rifle of his rear file, runs rapidly to the wall, rests the rifle against it, and faces about, back to the wall, with knees well bent, clasping his hands and resting his forearms on the upper part of his legs—a position ordinarily used in tumbling. In this way he forms a foothold for his rear file. At the



DRILL IN CROSSING AND PASSING ON A HORIZONTAL BEAM.

PHYSICAL DRILL WITH RIFLE—THE RIGHT FORWARD LUNGE.

command, "Scale!" each rear-rank man runs forward, places his left foot on the clasped hands prepared for him, and is thrown to the top of the wall. The man below then quickly passes the rifles, takes a short run and springs upward, throwing his left foot as high as possible against the wall, at the same time giving his right hand to the man on top of the wall. The two men grasp each other's wrists with the right hand instead of clasping them, and the wall is surmounted. The men are also practised in other methods of scaling high walls with inclined planks, ladders, and poles, and by forming tiers, standing on one another's shoulders. They are drilled in passing obstacles, leaping ditches, vaulting fences. The value of these exercises is, as with them all, to give the soldier more confidence in himself and his abilities.



DRILL IN CARRYING THE WOUNDED.

Since a soldier is occasionally called upon to perform duties requiring sometimes short and violent exertion, and sometimes that which is prolonged and arduous, it is of paramount importance that he knows how to use his lungs properly. For this reason the principles of abdominal breathing are taught, and although the army, with its limited experience, does not pretend to be an authority on this or any other branch of athletics, the plans it has followed in breathing have been found to work admirably, and may be safely regarded as best. In running, the soldier is taught to breathe deeply from the beginning of his exercise. His run is increased from day to day, his rifle and equipments being gradually added, until a run of four or five miles can easily be made with comparatively little fatigue. Running with heavy loads in the knapsacks is rarely indulged in.

In all branches of this new physical training one aim is held paramount—that of having a certain amount of systematic daily work done during each drill, all the muscles from head to foot being brought into play, not over-exerted, but so used that the exercise will be felt and the toning-up process appreciated. The soldier is made to understand that his whole mind must be given to the work in order that the best results may be attained. His co-operation is most important, and the instructor endeavors never to prolong a drill unduly, but to make each so short that it may be executed with energy and dash.

As a rule the soldier has taken kindly to the new order. He enjoys its novelty, and voluntarily devotes himself, with keen pleasure, to many exercises and sports from which he now knows how to derive benefit.

If the efforts of a number of those interested are successful, an athletic meet may be looked for next summer in the Department of the East. There are twelve regiments in this Department, and a large battalion of the engineer corps. Were each regiment represented, and an athletic meet held similar to the inter-collegiate games, the very addition of military contests would be all the more appreciated because of their novelty. Such a meeting, too, seems a necessity, a proper consummation of the work done throughout the army. It would encourage athletics in the service, and bring before the attention of the country the value for the army of the system followed. It would inspire enthusiasm among the men, which would lead to great benefits for them, both as citizens and as soldiers. It would make them objects of greater popularity with the public.

In his garrison life the private would feel a greater contentment, and that time which is now devoted to indulgences which have brought him into disrepute would then be devoted to sports in the field and in the gymnasium, and in training for events to come when the annual meet is held. The material in the army for the making of athletes is of the highest order. In many cases it is not first required to produce the muscular strength, as, for example, is frequently the case with a young man entering college. The average recruit comes to us well developed in his uncouth way, and the opportunity of moulding him into a magnificent specimen of physical manhood should not be neglected. As by the armies of old athletics were considered a necessary part of the education of the soldier, and were encouraged in games and tournaments, so now, notwithstanding the changes in modes of warfare, is such training found to be indispensable to the maintenance of a formidable army.

EDMUND LUTHER BUTTS,
Second Lieutenant Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A.

A TUG-OF-WAR ON FIELD-SPORT DAY—INFANTRY *VS.* CAVALRY.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

THE most interesting of the photographs reproduced on page 28 of this number of the WEEKLY is that which shows a *Hospital de Sangre* in the vicinity of Bayamo, one of the eastern towns in the vexed and vexing island. Palmetto leaves form the roofs of the huts; hammocks take the place of beds—and not a bad substitute, either. The worst part of the patient's situation is that he is not always secured against attack (*i. e.*, his defencelessness does not constitute a sufficient defence), and he may have no medicines. Of doctors there has been a good supply, and the native women make admirable untrained nurses. But a word about the insecurity just referred to, and the lack of medicines, may be worth while.

Hospital de Sangre, "blood hospital," or field hospital, as our phrase is—such a field hospital as the incredible abuse of warfare in Cuba has made necessary—is a shifty hospital. It is not enough that the spot chosen for the care of the wounded should be out of the range of chance bullets. Such security will not serve. The hospital must, if possible, be hidden and unassailable. A swamp, a thicket, may be chosen for this use—some trackless place. Otherwise the wounded men may be found and killed.

The native women who take care of the wounded I have just characterized as admirable. Well, there is no more admirable quality in nursing than that. when the pharmacopœia fails, a cure should be effected with simples at hand, and here is an example: A young insurgent (now in New York) says that when it was his misfortune to be shot through the neck with a bullet from a Mauser rifle, for two weeks he had no healing application except water; and he will show you with a motion of the hand how the water from a stream was used to bathe his neck. And then his nurse suggested the ashes of cigars for cicatrizing. That would dry the wound, she said; and it did. This insurgent came in an open boat to our shores, and now he is looking for a chance to get back to Cuba again.

From Bayamo you must trace the line of railway westward on the map to come upon Guáimaro.

Near that town you may find (by looking at the upper and lower illustrations on page 28) General Rosas and General Calixto García encamped. That is to say, there they are in an astronomical sense. When we look at the stars now we see their past history. It took some time for these photographs to arrive in New York.

Guáimaro is a place called "historic" by writers on Cuban affairs. The Assembly of Guáimaro it was that in April, 1869, elected Carlos Manuel de Céspedes as president of the republic—of a republic that collapsed in 1878. Poor Céspedes was killed four years sooner.... Not that our photographs go back to battles so long ago!

The first day of last month the story reached people in this city that García's forces, with cannon (a new thing for the insurgents to handle subjectively), had captured the place from which the constitution was promulgated in the Ten Years' War. These cannon, it should be added, were General Rosas's special care—Rosas, the Colombian, who had been very prominent in Colombia and elsewhere as a professional revolutionist and adventurer; Rosas, the modern soldier of fortune, in the company he keeps not a bit misliked for his complexion; Rosas, with his South American "shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun." The story of Rosas's life, not too long, would make good reading. After a siege lasting for twelve days the sixteen brick forts which defended Guáimaro were disabled by the insurgent's artillery and abandoned by their Spanish garrisons, who kept up a stubborn defence, however, from the stone church in the centre of the town, resolved to hold out until re-enforcements should come to them from General Castellanos, who was in Puerto Principe. Then the twelve-pound guns and the six-pound guns were trained on the solid walls of the church; a breach was made. One of the things that are supposed never to happen did happen—the first shot of the twelve-pounder that went through killed the Spanish commander. Then the considerable remnant (a captain, four lieutenants, a surgeon, eight sergeants, sixteen corporals, and two hundred and ninety-five privates) surrendered.

Such is the substance of the information conveyed in a letter from one of General García's secretaries; and the writer particularized the booty that fell into the hands of the victors as follows: "$21,200 in Spanish gold, 295 Mauser rifles, 125,000 rounds of ammunition, 500 machetes, a large supply of clothing, and medical stores enough to load sixteen of our strongest pack-mules." The last item will be read with peculiar satisfaction. Every stone building in the town having been blown up with dynamite, the Spanish officers were paroled, and the privates "set to work in plantations and shops."

The newspaper entitled *Patria* is more explicit. In its issue dated December 2 it says that the 295 soldiers captured "are now planting sweet-potatoes for the army of freedom." (*Ahora están sembrando boniatos para el Ejército Libertador*).

In the account of this affair authorized by Señor Estrada Palma, the Cuban Delegate in New York, the statement was made that "the enemy's wounded were sent under suitable escort to Puerto Principe, and delivered to the Spanish commander there [General Jimenez Castellanos], with a letter from General García, in which a complete account of the action was given." A further claim is made by the Cuban correspondent that Castellanos avoided a battle, but a little reading between the lines shows that an engagement with his fresh troops might easily have been forced; and the fact seems to be that there had been enough fighting to satisfy both sides for the nonce.

As for the actual situation in Cuba, there are more elements of uncertainty to-day (December 31) than at any previous date in the course of the present war. In the central and eastern provinces, where a concentration of the insurgent forces under Gómez was expected even before the advent of the rainy season last spring, scattered marauding bands show a protoplasmic capacity for subdivision. That is their true policy, according to the assertions of their partisans here. There is a common plan; all are under control; they may be brought together to strike a telling blow whenever the enemy lays himself open to such attack. In Madrid an impression has prevailed that "the insurgents continue moving towards the province of Santa Clara, where a concentration of bands from the east and the west seems to have been ordered." But the very centre of any such movement, its organizer, its capable man, who last spring was supposed to be ready to lead a disciplined and well-armed force against the Trocha—its Máximo Gómez, has dropped out of sight altogether. There have been rumors in circulation to the effect that Gómez was not implacable, and that he was disposed to treat for peace—just another soldier of fortune. At any rate, the hope, the promise—whatever it was that encouraged his admirers—has remained unfulfilled. He is himself the prime element of uncertainty on the eastern side, reckoning from Havana.

On the west, in Pinar del Rio, the Puertoricanian Rius Rivera, ably taking Antonio Maceo's place, is said to replace him. They had played the war-game together all along. The same guerilla tactics, in a country that would seem to have been shaped to the liking of guerillas and the loathing of regulars, will be followed. There is the Cuzco range; there are the thickets, rivers, swamps; there are the rough hills, where every farmstead has hidden supplies for the insurgents, and every peasant is their spy. And the railway, you notice, does not penetrate this region and make every part of it accessible to formal Spanish "columns." Beyond its terminus lie the toughest of the natural obstacles or defences, and beyond the terminus General Weyler did not go—at least that suggestion is offered by those who think they find in it an explanation of the mystery of the Captain-General's pacification which has not pacified.

Meantime, far beyond the indented coast-line and the narrow limits of the island, the real contention—a difference of opinion in regard to revenue and representation—is approaching a settlement opportunely; for, unless signs fail, many of those in the field are now of the disposition that, shared by victors and vanquished after Guáimaro as we have seen, is surely an excellent disposition or mood at times, and one which in Cuba may well be cultivated together with those *boniatos* that the captives at Guáimaro planted. They have had enough of it.

MARRION WILCOX.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

A Naval Yarn.

NOT all naval officers can boast, like Captain Corcoran, R.N., that they are never, never sick at sea. Every now and then one is met who, no matter how long he may remain in the navy, can never set sail without suffering from that dire disease. Such a man was Captain Hardy Lee, U.S.N.

So long as he was a watch officer, with definite and regular duties to perform, he compelled himself to go through his daily routine, no matter how badly he might feel, and in the course of a week or so after starting on a voyage he would usually succeed in conquering his weakness. But when he reached command rank, where his functions were purely supervisory and he lacked the incentive of emulation, he spent most of his time at sea in his bunk, bewailing the hard fate that had made a sailor of him, and laying plans to secure a double allowance of shore duty at the end of his cruise. He rarely appeared on deck save in dead calms, or in severe stress of weather, when he dragged himself forth, looking like a seasick ghost, and astonished those of the crew who had never seen him in a like emergency with the able seamanship which he displayed.

He commanded the old sloop-of-war *Tampa* on a cruise she made to the South Pacific about twenty years ago. He had orders to stop at Apia to pick up a party of scientists who had been making some investigations in Samoa for the Smithsonian Institution, and to convey them to Panama, so that they could take the Pacific mail steamer at Aspinwall for New York.

After passing through the Strait of Magellan the *Tampa* bowled along at a lively gait that kept the captain closely confined to his cabin. A number of albatross followed the ship for several days, as is their custom, for the sake of what the cooks throw overboard.

The junior officers were a specially lively crowd, and their ringleader was Ensign Mayne Brace, more generally known by his nickname of "Splicer." Time hung heavily on their hands in the fine weather the *Tampa* was meeting, and the man who could devise some new thing to do was hailed as a benefactor One day, as Splicer was superintending some painting that the executive officer had ordered done about the poop-deck, he found himself paying more attention to the great tireless birds that followed in the vessel's wake, and wondering how it would be possible to improve by art their natural scheme of decoration. Suddenly he was seized with an inspiration, and sent an apprentice boy below for a stout fish-line and a piece of pork. Tying the line about the pork, he threw it overboard. Almost instantly one of the albatross pounced upon it and swallowed it, whereupon Splicer, with the assistance of some of his brother officers who had gathered to see the fun, haled the bird aboard. Directing the others to hold the flapping wings and wriggling head, he took a brush from the painter and drew a large pair of spectacles on the albatross; then cutting the fish-line off close to the bird's mouth, he let it go. The albatross floundered clumsily about in the air for a few seconds, as if dazed, and then solemnly took up its flight again in the wake of the *Tampa*. The bird's ridiculous appearance was greeted with shouts of laughter by Splicer's associates, who insisted that the entire flock should be similarly decorated, and in the course of the afternoon the task was accomplished, though with some difficulty, as the birds grew more wary with each new capture.

For two days the grotesque birds were a source of intense amusement to officers and crew. Then the novelty began to wear off, and by the end of a week the bespectacled creatures had ceased to attract attention.

Then the *Tampa* ran into a dead calm. The sails flapped idly against the masts. The sea was like glass. The captain emerged from the cabin, looking a little peaked, but the incarnation of official dignity.

The vessel proceeded under her auxiliary steam-power, and the albatross still kept up their unceasing pursuit. Suddenly the captain observed them for the first time. He looked at them earnestly for a few moments, rubbed his eyes and looked at them again; then turning to the quartermaster, he asked for the glass, and scanned them closely for several minutes.

"Mr. Brace," he asked at last of that officer, who happened to be standing near, "have you noticed anything peculiar about those birds?"

"Why, no, sir," said Splicer; "they seem to act very much as albatross usually do."

"No, but their markings," explained the captain. "I never saw albatross so curiously marked in my life—and I have made many voyages," he added, with a groan.

"Oh, you refer to those rather odd streaks about the eyes!" exclaimed Splicer. "Yes, sir, my attention has been called to them."

"Attention has been called to them!" shouted the captain. "You don't mean to say that you had to wait for somebody to show them to you? It's the most remarkable whimsicality of nature I ever witnessed. It's inexplicable, sir. If I had seen one bird so marked I should have set it down as a *lusus naturæ*, but a half a dozen! Gad, sir, it's astounding—astounding, I tell you!"

"Yes, sir, I believe the species is very rare," said Splicer, who could not resist the impulse to carry the joke through to the bitter end. "Of course," he continued, calling a vivid imagination into play, "we studied all about them at the academy, and I learned then that they were seldom met with nowadays. It is said that on account of the superstitious feelings of the sailors it has been impossible to secure a specimen for any of our museums. *Diomedea spectaculata*, I believe, the species is called, or Spectacled Albatross, from a fancied resemblance of their markings to a pair of eye-glasses."

"Fancied resemblance!" roared the captain. "Egad, sir, the landlubber who wrote that text-book never saw the bird, then. Why, damme, I had to take the glass to persuade myself they weren't adjustable! I tell you, the ignorance of these closet naturalists is disgusting. Very different, indeed, from the methods of my friend Professor Hunter, whom you'll meet at Apia. He goes all over the world himself, and describes what he *sees*. Gad, sir, I'll secure one of these very birds and present it to him, and he can put it in his book and get it right! *Fancied* resemblance, indeed! Why, it's *exact*, even to the piece that goes over the nose!"

When Splicer perceived the direction in which his jest had steered his commanding officer, he began to fear that it might act as a boomerang on himself. If the captain should ever get near enough to one of the albatross to perceive that he had been hoaxed, it would go hard with the junior watch officer of the *Tampa*.

"I am afraid it would be impossible to shoot one of those birds, sir," he interposed, "without running great danger of killing it. And of course you would not want to do that. The moral effect on the men would be very bad—I might say disastrous."

"Who said anything about shooting?" queried the captain. "Where have you made your previous voyages, Mr. Brace—on the Erie Canal? Do you suppose I am going to use one of Uncle Sam's finest sloops of war to retrieve sea-birds with? Not at all. I propose to capture that bird alive, and without losing one moment's time. Quartermaster, get me a stout fish-line and a piece of pork. Now, Mr. Brace, I'll show you something you never learned in any fresh-water natural history at the academy;" and the captain began to instruct the ensign in the art of fishing for albatross. The quartermaster, however, who was a great admirer of Brace's, proved a very clumsy demonstrator. Two or three times the pork was so loosely tied on that the birds pulled it off and flew away with it. Captain Lee was disgusted. He took the next piece of pork and fastened it with his own hands.

Splicer observed with joy that the captain noticeably paled as he fingered the slimy, flabby flesh. But the ensign began to tremble in his shoes when he saw one of the birds swallow the bait and begin to come aboard with the line. As he looked around nervously, as if to seek some place whither to escape, he noticed a dark blue streak approaching on the water. It was his only hope. The albatross was nearly landed.

"It looks as if we might have squally weather, sir," said Splicer.

The captain quickly turned and gave the necessary orders for discontinuing the use of steam and proceeding under sail, in accordance with the naval policy of those days; and then, telling Brace to have the albatross properly secured and cared for, he beat a hasty retreat to his cabin.

Mr. Brace heaved a sigh of relief at his temporary reprieve; but he trembled to think of what would happen when the *Diomedea spectaculata* was brought face to face with Professor Hunter of the Smithsonian Institution. Oddly, too, he did not seem to get as much sympathy as he thought he deserved from his messmates. Perhaps they counted too much on his previous success in getting out of scrapes.

When the *Tampa* at last cast anchor in Apia Bay the captain reappeared, in a spotless uniform of white duck, and with as indifferent an air as if he had but just stepped below to change his attire.

"Mr. Brace," he said, when that officer appeared in answer to his summons, "I hope you have followed out my instructions in regard to that remarkable albatross."

"Yes, sir," replied the ensign.

"I am now going on shore to meet Professor Hunter and his learned associates, but before going I should like to examine the bird more closely than I have had an opportunity to do hitherto.... Well, sir, do you hear me? Why do you hesitate?"

"I regret—I—I fear that it will be impossible, sir."

"Impossible? Do I hear you aright? Take care, Mr. Brace! Do you dare tell me that anything is impossible to me aboard this ship? I trust, for your sake, that you can explain your language satisfactorily, sir."

"Why, the fact is, sir," replied Splicer, "that the albatross is not on board."

"Not on board, Mr. Brace? This is a very serious matter, sir. I placed the bird in your charge, and I shall hold you responsible for it. Through whose negligence did it escape?"

"Through nobody's, sir; by my orders."

"By *your* orders, Mr. Brace? Egad, sir, that is very like disobedience of *my* orders, sir! And, damme, that would be a court-martial offence!"

"Yes, sir," replied the junior watch officer; "I realized that when I took the responsibility in your—eh—absence, sir. The fact is that the bird, despite the most solicitous care, became ill, very ill, sir; so ill that the men were sure that it would die. I feared that it would myself, sir; and knowing the bad name that would attach to the ship in that event, in view of the superstitious feelings of the crew, when I judged that its recovery was impossible I—I ordered its release, sir."

"Egad, sir, you have taken a dangerous liberty!" The captain's face was purple with suppressed rage. "You say the bird was ill—what was the matter with it? Where was the surgeon? What disease could any bird get on board this ship that would justify you in throwing it overboard?"

"It was seasick, sir!"

H. G. PAINE.

DON FRANCISCO CIRUJEDA Y CIRUJEDA.

THE somewhat dubious distinction of being "the man who killed Maceo" has won for Don Francisco Cirujeda y Cirujeda, among other honors, that of having his portrait printed large and handsome on the front page of the leading illustrated weekly paper of Madrid. Don Francisco is a soldierly looking young man, and his picture here reproduced is interesting on its own account even though not likely to be regarded with enthusiasm by the WEEKLY'S readers. He was in command of the party that Maceo fell in with at Punta Brava, about twelve miles west of Havana, on December 4. It was a lucky fight for Major Cirujeda. When the momentous issue of it became known, he was the hero of the hour in Havana, and in Madrid the Queen Regent received his wife and son, congratulated them, praised the Major, and promised to undertake the son's education. No doubt Major Cirujeda, as the man who has the credit of the hardest blow that the cause of Cuba has received, will receive all the promotions and substantial rewards that existing conditions admit. It should be recorded to his credit that as yet there is no confirmation of the theory that Maceo was a victim of treachery, or met his end, if indeed he did meet it, in any other than a fair fight.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF GERMAN POLITICS.

THE political trial which has just been concluded in Berlin is the most important event in German history since the Franco-Prussian war. Not even Bismarck's dismissal, far-reaching and disastrous as some think its effects have been, can compare with this sudden and dramatic exposure of the seamy side of German politics, and the overthrow, complete so far as it goes, of the all-powerful Department of the Secret Political Police. The trial arose out of the Czar's visit to Breslau in September. On that occasion there was a banquet, at which the German Emperor proposed the health of his guest. According to the official version of the Czar's speech, which was shown in court to be the correct one, his Majesty said that he was imbued with the same feelings as his host. But another version, which was widely believed—chiefly because it was not official—made him say that he held the same principles as his father. Now Alexander the Third, though a lover of peace, was not over-friendly to Germany, and therefore the supposed remark of Nicholas the Second was the cause of some disagreeable excitement. Thereupon a journalist, one Baron von Lützow—a bearer of one of the proudest military names in Germany, and a descendant of the famous Lützow of the War of Liberation—and a young man named Leckert, not above twenty-one years of age, and evidently a mere tool in the hands of his superiors, published in the press a statement that Count von Eulenberg, of Berlin, High Court Marshal, had deliberately falsified the Czar's speech, and that Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, Minister of Foreign Affairs, wished this fact to be exposed. Both officials indignantly denied these calumnies, and took the straightforward course of bringing an action against their authors.

It was felt at the outset that the charge against the two journalists was the least significant feature of the trial. The Foreign Office would not have taken proceedings against such people if the matter had not been tainted with its political side. The defendants, it was obvious, were merely dummies, and the real wire-pullers, not only in this affair, but in all the political intrigues which have been going on in Germany for six years past, and which read like stories of the beginning of last century, were thought to be personages in high official position. These underground plots have played a very unpleasant and very important part in German politics. To them has been due the dismissal of two ministers within the past few months—the former War Minister, General Bronsart, and Dr. Köller, Minister of the Interior—with the latter of whom it was an open secret that the German Emperor only parted with the greatest reluctance. All these intrigues were represented by the anonymous wire-pullers as emanating from the Foreign Office, of which Baron Marschall is the head; and it was expected that, having once ventured out into the open—in defiance of Prussian tradition, which favors the hushing up of all political scandal—he would not rest until he had hunted his secret enemies out of their holes.

The opening day of the trial was uneventful. Baron von Lützow and Leckert were repeatedly asked the names of their informants, and as persistently refused to give them. The real interest began on the second day, when Baron Marschall was called as witness. He did not dwell long on the indictment against the two defendants. They were evidently, in his eyes, inferior creatures, and the charge against them an altogether minor incident. Before he became Foreign Minister, Baron Marschall had been a public prosecutor. In the witness-box he suddenly resumed his old duties. He delivered a speech which raised the whole trial to quite another level. He told the court quite plainly that he should not be satisfied with the conviction of von Lützow and Leckert. He meant to go behind them and to discover who set them at work. He boldly indicted the secret police, of whom Herr von Tausch is the head. These men, he declared, had intrigued against several ministers. It was they who had procured the dismissal of Herr von Köller and General Bronsart. They were now intriguing against him, and from their intrigues he took refuge in publicity. With great skill and daring he carried the war into the enemy's camp. He signalled out Tausch for his particular attack. He deposed to instances of false charges made by Tausch against men in the public service, in the manufacture of which he had been assisted by von Lützow, who had for the past five years been in the service of the secret police. He brought forward instance after instance to show that Tausch, by falsehood and forgery and bribery, had endeavored to embroil the Foreign Office with the Emperor; and the second day's hearing closed amid intense excitement.

The dénouement came on the following morning. Tausch was placed in the witness-box and questioned as to where he obtained the information that enabled him to report Herr von Huhn—the editor of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, and one of the few German journalists known outside his country—as the author of an article that several months ago had roused the Emperor's indignation. Tausch replied, "From a most reliable police agent, whose name I refuse to give without permission of my superior, the president of the Berlin police." The judge ordered him to take a cab at once and ask for the permission. While he was gone the cross-examination of von Lützow was continued. Pushed into a corner, the wretched man exclaimed: "But what have I done? It was not I who thought out all these intrigues and plots!" The public prosecutor quickly interrupted him with, "Who, then?" After a pause, von Lützow calmly answered, "Herr von Tausch." The judge at once announced that the sitting would be interrupted for an hour. In the mean time von Lützow wrote out a full confession, admitting that he had published the false version of the Czar's toast, but pleading that he was acting under orders from Tausch. "Briefly said," he concluded, "von Tausch is the originator of all my misdeeds. I was a tool in his hands. He held me in his claws so that I could not move. He sucked me dry, and I was completely in his power, for I lived upon what he gave me, and he could destroy me at any moment." One can imagine the indescribable sensation which the reading of this document produced in court. A general sigh of relief burst out when it was over. Not the least interesting part of the confession was the implication that Count Philip von Eulenberg, the German ambassador at Vienna and a warm friend of the Emperor, was privy to Tausch's schemes, and kept constantly informed of all that was going on by Tausch's agents. What happened after that was only relatively interesting. The defendants were found guilty and sentenced, and Herr von Tausch was arrested and imprisoned on the charge of perjury.

The significance of all this can only be judged by those who are acquainted with von Tausch's position. For years he has been the best hated and the most dreaded man in Germany, a man of great abilities and boundless ambition, at the head of one of the most mischievous and disgraceful state departments that could exist in a free country. For eighteen years he has been in the service of the secret police; for seven years he has been its executive officer, nominally under the control of the Minister of the Interior, but in reality irresponsible and independent. As such he has been familiar with the closest secrets of domestic politics, and through his hands have run the threads of "delicate" affairs without number. He has enjoyed the confidence of men in the highest position, and has been used by them to execute all sorts of orders. In all such matters he has allowed his superiors to know just as much as he thought it advisable to tell them; and he, a subordinate police commissary, has been the real head of the Third Section in Prussia. In face of the almost proverbial iron discipline among the Prussian bureaucracy—Bismarck once remarked, "My ambassadors must wheel about like soldiers"—the position this minor police official occupied is almost beyond credit. His mischievous doings were known long ago in political quarters. Yet Count von Caprivi, then Chancellor of the Empire, was unable to remove him from his post, in spite of strenuous and repeated efforts. For four years the Foreign Office has refused to employ the secret police, simply because Tausch was at their head. Yet there he remained. He was even, in spite of this distrust, commissioned to attend the Emperor on his tours. Within the past year he has driven out two ministers and been signally decorated by his Majesty. One can understand Baron Marschall's cry, "I take refuge in publicity." It is obvious that all this would have been impossible if Tausch had not powerful friends at his back. The question asked all over Germany is, "Who is the man behind Tausch?"

In Lützow's confession Count Philip von Eulenberg was mentioned. The Count went to Berlin at once, and declared on oath that he had never been mixed up in political intrigue and never would be. He admitted he had held correspondence with von Tausch, but declared that it related solely to one of the Emperor's tours. He had not asked von Tausch to supply him with news from Berlin, although he owned to receiving some. He also admitted—and the admission wears an ugly look—that it was at his instance that the Emperor bestowed an order on von Tausch some time ago. The Count is one of the most intimate friends of the Emperor, who has honored him with his particular affection, and invites him every year to attend him on his Norwegian trips. The Emperor has also been an annual guest at the Count's castle. The evidence against the Count is certainly of weight, but nothing can be definitely known till von Tausch's trial comes on. It is not unlikely, now that his game is up, that von Tausch will follow Lützow's example and betray his master, whoever he may be. In the mean while it is an open question whether Baron Marschall has improved his position by so boldly facing his enemies. Everything, so far as he is concerned, depends on the Emperor. If the Emperor shares the views of the immense majority of his subjects, who regard the Baron as a modern St. George, who has at last ventured openly to engage with the dragon of conspiracy, then before many days the Baron may receive the order of the Black Eagle. His enemies are doing all they can to convince the Emperor that the authority of the state must suffer by this washing of foul linen in public, and that for "state reasons" it would have been better to treat the matter differently. At present the minister's victory is signal and decisive. But it remains to be seen whether his success is altogether palatable in aristocratic quarters.

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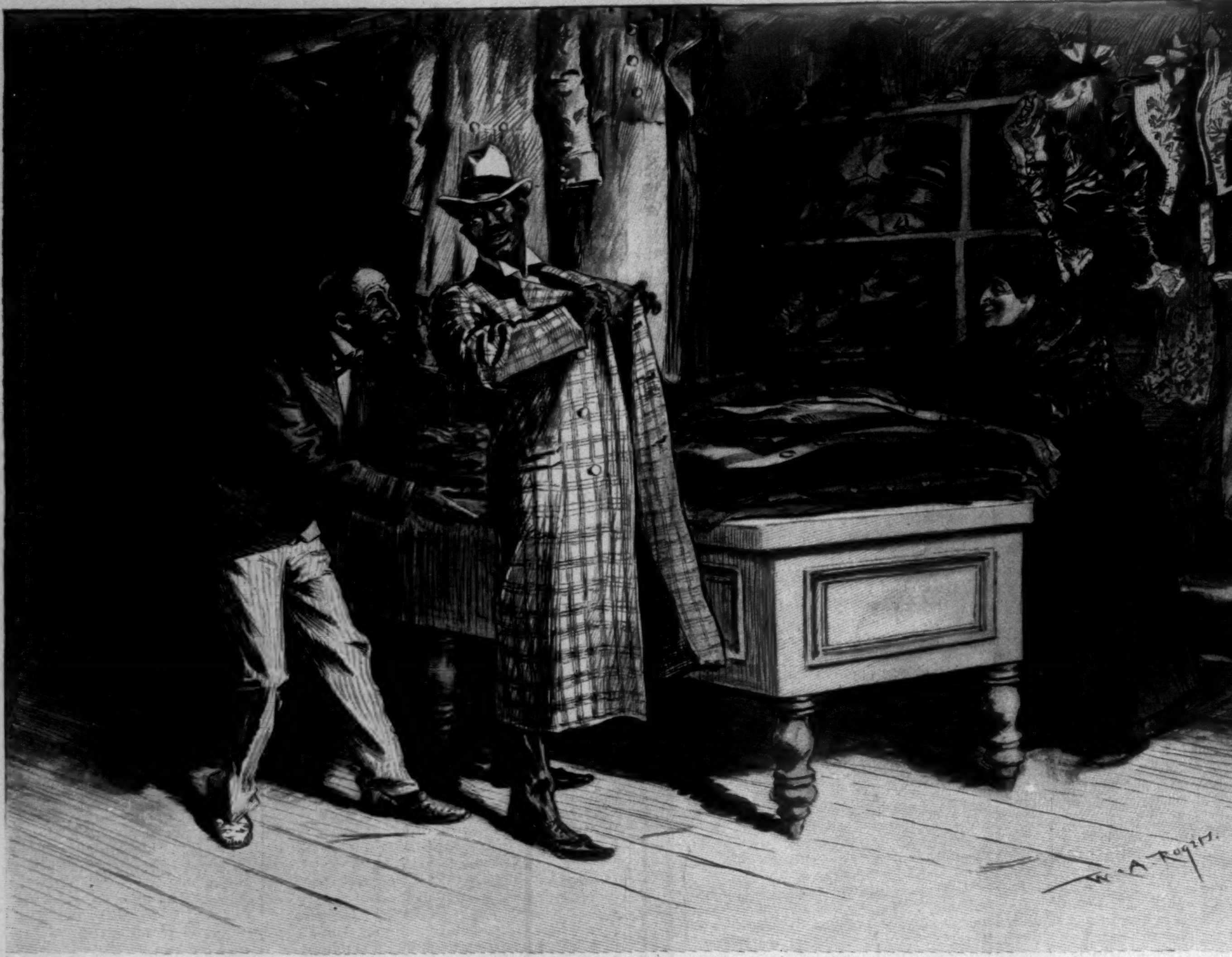

A BIT OF THE NEW GHETTO ON SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

THE NEW GHETTO.

THE visit of Li Hung-Chang, the Chinese Viceroy, to the diminutive overcrowded district of New York known as Chinatown must have opened the eyes of the thousands of New-Yorkers who thronged there to see Mott, Pell, and Doyers streets decked out in Oriental gala to the overwhelming changes that have been wrought in what was once so redoubtable a neighborhood.

During the last year alone this general region, which was once likened to London's Whitechapel or to the Ghetto of mediæval Rome, has been so transformed that an old New-Yorker of *ante bellum* days would be at a loss for his landmarks. Asphalt, the great leveller, has appeared not only in the adjoining district above the Tombs, where the barefooted boys of yore were wont to fish for eels and leeches in the Collect Pond, but has invaded Chinatown as well, so that the spectacle of a pigtailed, beslippered Mongolian of the younger generation astride of a bicycle can now be seen there at almost any time of the day or evening. Mulberry Bend, the border-line between Chinatown and "Little Italy," once the despair of census-takers, has been razed to the ground, and changed into a pleasure resort by the park authorities. As a consequence, those of the Italians who have not been venturesome enough to take the long flight to the new East Side "Little Italy," have sought refuge in Baxter Street, thus changing the character of this notorious thoroughfare from that of a "Ghetto" or *Judenstrasse* to the well-known Italian type—the basking-place of green-grocers, *locandieri*, and five-cent barbers. Even such landmarks as Five Points and the Bowery have been so affected by these changes as to be unrecognizable to the old roisterers of Gotham.

The Bowery, since the construction of the elevated road along that thoroughfare, has steadily changed from a strollers' resort, or what the Germans call a *Tingel-tangel*, into a business street, from which prosperous merchants may branch out to Broadway or to one of the half-dozen thriving cross-streets that cut New York into so many business sections. Five Points — where strangers once durst not venture at night—owing to the prevalence of mission-houses, protectories, and a big bare factory building, has assumed an austere aspect, but little lightened by the presence of a tiny plot of grass, misnamed Paradise Park.

There are those who rejoice in the philanthropic thought that all this squalor, poverty, and crime, which, together with the teeming life of the great East Side, once served to make the lower part of New York one of the most interesting and revolting haunts of the world, has disappeared entirely to make way for civilization and light. Such can only be the over-sanguine or superficial view of those who think that deep-rooted racial traits can be overcome in a lifetime, or of those who do not know their New York.

The fact is that just as the hotels, the big commercial houses, the theatres, newspapers, and other centres of distribution, and, indeed, the bulk of the population, have moved up town, towards the huge city's only outlet in the north, so the dwellers of the "Ghetto," more slowly, more reluctantly, to be sure, but none the less inevitably, have had to follow. Those who, like the squatters, lingered till the last moment, like the squatters have been driven forth by the inexorable mandates of the health authorities and the police.

So it has come that within the last two years a "new Bowery," with the same dime museums, cheap theatres, shooting-galleries, and five-cent dram houses, has made its appearance in what would once have been called the "upper" west side, running upward along Eighth Avenue from Abingdon Square, to the Grand Circle, where the Italian statue of Columbus marks the entrance to Central Park. On the adjoining Seventh Avenue, within more restricted limits, has appeared the new "Ghetto," with all the familiar sights of the old Baxter and Bayard streets combined.

This last region, running out from the edge of the Tenderloin district above Twenty-eighth Street up to Forty-second Street, with the rear of the Metropolitan Opera-house marking a partial oasis, has become the battle-ground where two of the down-trodden races of the world—the Polish Jews and the negroes—are now fighting for supremacy, with the odds all in favor of the more humble, the more dogged, the longer-lived race.

Here are to be seen, in the darkest and most malodorous of cellars and basements, the dealers in old clothes and cast-off shoes, as many as fifty shops in a row, with all the "barkers," "pullers-in," and quaint signs in Yiddish, German, and English that once made Baxter Street a street to be avoided by all but athletes and artists. Above the Jews, in the same houses, amid scenes of indescribable squalor and tawdry finery, dwell the negroes, leading their light-hearted lives of pleasure, confusion, music, noise, and fierce fights that make them a terror to white neighbors and landlords alike.

How these people make both ends meet is a mystery to all who behold them; for while but few seem to be employed in any profitable work, sleeping by day and carousing by night, they are all made to pay the most exorbitant of rents—the price for single unfurnished rooms ranging from ten to fifteen dollars a month. The only solution of the apparent mystery is that both ends, so called, are not met, but are suffered to remain the opposite extremes the Lord has made them, despite the clamors of duns and landlords, and the evictions which sooner or later are bound to come.

Not so the Polish Jews, who year in, year out, hard times or good times, pay the far more exorbitant tribute of thirty, forty, and fifty dollars a month for the privilege of occupying dark, dank, and reeking basements, who never complain, and who doggedly remain where they are, preferring to enlarge their shops rather than move into better quarters. This, taken together with their comparative longevity, and the tendency of all landlords to allow colored tenants only in old and decaying houses, explains why in the struggle for existence the odds are so distinctly against the negroes. Still, notwithstanding the adage that negroes are poor customers, the former denizens of Baxter Street could scarcely have chosen a better locality wherein to dispose of their cast-off wares.

To learn what becomes of all the indescribable articles of head-gear, foot-gear, and general finery which during the daytime swing to the breeze or choke up the steep descents into ominous-looking basements heralded by Hebrew inscriptions, or by such English texts as,

Here lives the man what don't refuse
To buy and sell both boots and shoes;
My leather is good, my price is just,
I'll fit you well, but pay you must,

it is only necessary to stroll along this part of Seventh Avenue of an evening, when the colored fops, accompanied by the ladies of their choice, parade up and down the avenue, arrayed in checkered vests, long coats, silk hats, gaiters, and sharply pointed shoes, ogling each other and haughtily pushing aside the obstreperous "barkers" who dare to obstruct their passage. Then, also, one understands how the misfit-clothing man in his hovel, who has supplied all this finery, can live and thrive in the face of a rent that would ruin most farmers.

This, too, explains the "Schnorer's" willingness to live under one roof with people whom he hates and loathes even more than he does the Gentiles. For a student of race characteristics nothing could be more striking than to observe the stoic scorn of the Hebrew when he is made a disapproving witness of the happy-go-lucky joyousness of his dusky neighbor, or to note the unconscious lowering of tone and the timidity of manner with which he discourses of their African orgies and fierce quarrels.

"Vell, mister," said one black-bearded vender of old liveries and uniforms to the writer, after closing and locking the back door and timidly dropping his voice to an excited whisper, "pizzness is pizzness. Eef colored peoples comes in mine shtore, I make him vellcome, and sell him mine goods, eef he pays. Eef he comes in mine shtore and puys noddings, I say noddings.

"Aber mine leetle childrens cannot blay mit his leetle childrens; and nefer, nefer vill I or mine wife or childrens eat or trink noddings mit him. He is unclean, and all vot he touches is unclean.

"Venn he fight and scream ofer his wifes and childrens, and cuts and hacks mit razors und knifes, I make fast mine doors und vindows, und take mine wife und childrens to mine bruder's house, where we be noddings but white peoples.

"So long as pizzness is pizzness, mine wife und children must lif in mine shtore here, aber some day, I tell mine wife, we vill be here all alone, und no more colored peoples vill be here. Then vill we haf peace and rest."

This hope of the old vender of cast-off clothes, judging from the latest statistics at hand, seems to be already near its realization; for already the Jews outnumber, by nearly one-fifth, their colored neighbors, who once predominated in this district. The latest census also shows that the population of this district has become as dense as and is growing even denser than that of the old "Ghetto"; while the house-to-house census shows that the dwellers in the most densely inhabited house on Seventh Avenue exceed in number those of the notorious house at No. 84 Bayard Street, where seventy-eight persons were huddled together on two floors. At No. 494 Seventh Avenue, a house no larger than that on Bayard Street, eighty-two men, women, and children are crowded together in the same space. Of these, eleven belong to the family of the Jew who keeps a store in the basement.

According to the health authorities, more formidable figures even may be expected from the next census, in 1900. After that, however, light will break again; for early in the twentieth century, if not sooner, the old rookeries that now shelter the refugees from the older rookeries of former times are expected to be condemned by the authorities, to make way for new and larger houses, to be used for business purposes only; and then once more will follow the migration of peoples up town, northward, beyond the Harlem, whither the lighter tribes will have flown before.

EDWIN EMERSON, JUN.

AMATEUR SPORT

GOLF GOSSIP FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

THE TRIALS OF THE REFEREE.

THE weather all over the British Isles, in the weeks following the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, was more various in its abominable samples than any we have ever before experienced so early in the winter. In the midst of it all some rather remarkable matches and competitions were played, both Mr. Ball and Mr. Hilton, at Hoylake, taking the occasion of the Royal Liverpool Club's autumn meeting for record-making and record-breaking. Just previously an incident that took place at North Berwick excited a great deal of interest and discussion, which has not yet been allayed. The *Evening Dispatch*, an Edinburgh newspaper, has given a cup for annual competition, open to any golf club in Scotland. The cup is played for in foursome tournament, and the arena of play is shifted each year to this or that Scottish green. This year the scene of contest was North Berwick—in the old days a very short course, but lately extended so that in its length and general excellence it challenges comparison with the best. It boots not to go through all the varying pastimes of the tournament; enough to say that in the final were the Leven Thistle Club, represented by Mr. Wilkie and Mr. Bell, and the Royal Musselburgh, for whom Mr. Gray and Mr. Williamson (both very well known golfers) were doing yeoman's service. Ultimately the former pair, playing very strongly, won the cup for the year easily enough. But it is not so much the final result (though that no doubt had a very especial interest for all concerned) that is worthy of note as a certain incident that occurred in course of play. In putting, on one of the greens, the Musselburgh ball happened to be knocked out of place by the ball of the Leven side. According to the rule of the game, Musselburgh claimed to replace the ball in the position from which it had thus been moved. It so happened that it was the turn of the Leven players—they still being the further from the hole—to play again, and by a strange chance the ball when replaced proved to be an exact stimy to the other ball. This certainly seemed a little hard, and Mr. A. M. Ross, the referee, ruled that the ball should not be replaced until the other side had played. Now Mr. Ross's judgment is worthy of the greatest respect—no man has a more complete knowledge of the laws and customs that govern the game—but yet it is a little difficult to see on what rule of the game he based his decision. The rule says that the player whose ball is thus knocked away has the option of replacing it—"the option," pure and simple; it does not limit the option in any way, or prescribe the moment at which it is to be exercised—it appears an unqualified option. And yet here we find Mr. Ross qualifying it most strictly—ruling that it is not to be exercised in such a manner as shall interfere with the opponent's stroke, bidding the player wait until the opponent has had his stroke in peace. In the absence of a referee, the exact replacing of the ball would probably have led to some discussion, but in the present instance no such discussion arose.

No doubt Mr. Ross's ruling is an equitable ruling; it is more equitable than the rule itself; so that we are perhaps driven back on the previous question as to whether the referee is to give decisions by the light of equity or of law. Equity is a better thing than law, of course, and Mr. Ross is a capable interpreter thereof; but, unfortunately, while law is a matter of fact, equity is nothing more than matter of opinion; and if the old classic dictum of *quot homines, tot sententiæ*, holds good at all to-day, it is a dangerous thing to tell your referee that he is to interpret the rules by the light of equity rather than the light that they carry in themselves. With Mr. Ross's equity all of us would be content, but we can very well fancy ourselves preferring the *law* of a less qualified referee. And in any case Mr. Ross's decision suggests a further question: suppose the ball, lying in the spot to which the player's ball had knocked it, happened to lay a stimy, would Mr. Ross in that case too have ruled that the opponent was not to exercise his option of moving the ball until the player's stroke was over? In that case, it would happen that the player would have to negotiate a stimy, and that the opponent, when it became his turn to play, would remove the ball from the spot in which it had presented the stimy and place it, for purposes of play, where it would not have interfered at all with the other ball. Certainly this does not seem quite right, though it seems to follow logically from Mr. Ross's ruling. And yet, according to the rule, which gives the option of replacing without mentioning when the replacement should take effect, it appears that the player whose ball is knocked away ought to have this double privilege.

Of course it would be better that the rule should say something definite about the time of replacement, making it either immediate or subsequent—saying, in fact, one thing or the other, and not giving a chance for these riddles to arise. In the absence of such definite instruction the best possible substitute is a thoroughly qualified referee, like Mr. Ross, who will have the courage to supplement the rules by the application of equity. In sentiment we are all with Mr. Ross's verdict—the stimy is the natural enemy of every right-minded golfer; and it is possible that another sentimental consideration, too, may have had an influence over Mr. Ross's ruling. For these Royal Musselburgh men were his personal friends; his delicate feeling would suggest to him a fear lest his friendship might bias his decision in their favor, and the natural result would be that he would give a decision with bias rather towards the other side. And in the mean time the position of the referee remains a very hard one, and the main element of its difficulty is that its functions are so totally indefinite. A "referee," taking the word in its etymological sense, is one to whom a question is referred—that is to say, he may keep his mouth shut until some question is referred to him. That would be all well and good if the functions of the golfing referee were in practice generally so understood; but the practice is not quite that. The general idea is that if a referee sees one of the players break a rule he should pull him up for it and mulct him the appropriate penalty. But in that case he is no longer a referee (one to whom questions are referred), he is a scorer. And that little matter of calling him referee, when he is a scorer, would not signify one jot or tittle if only he could exercise the duties of scorer properly; but that is not possible for any one man. While one player is treading down a lump behind his ball on the course to the left of Hell bunker, the other may be doing something very much more flagrant in the whims at the edge of the Elysian Fields; and (one may add for the benefit of those who do not know the St. Andrews course) no referee could see both breaches of rule at the same moment. Therefore, if the referee is to exercise properly the functions of a scorer, it seems to follow that he ought to be multiplied by two—that, instead of one referee, there ought to be two, one to accompany each player. Yet this is a hard saying, for the task is not a very agreeable one, and besides it is not every man that plays golf that is qualified to act as referee. Of course the ideal state of things is that every golfer should know the rules perfectly and follow them conscientiously. But this is a counsel of perfection. Certainly it is not one's experience that golfers are inclined to intentional cheating—the fingers of one hand would suffice for the reckoning of all who have been even suspected of such practices within the writer's own knowledge; but the name of the offenders who virtually cheat, out of mere carelessness and ignorance, is simply legion; and besides, there are conundrums in the laws of golf, such as the above, that seem almost to defy solution.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

1896 WAS A NOTABLE YEAR in amateur sport; nearly every branch records some pleasing development, while of international contests there have been more than the usual number.

There was the abolition of Class B in bicycling at the beginning of the year.

The dawn of a new and better spirit in the middle-Western universities following upon the rules conference in Chicago.

The splendid missionary work done by the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association all through the Southern States.

A noticeable increase of horse shows throughout the country.

The revival of interest in that splendid game, lacrosse.

A very much needed revision of the golfing rules, on which, by-the-way, we shall comment in an early issue.

A renewal of interest in track athletics.

The resumption of athletic relations between Exeter and Andover.

And the establishment by Pennsylvania of a scholarship standard for her athletes.

Of international contests there were six occasions when Americans and foreigners met, and on only one were we victorious.

The Yale crew at Henley lost to Leander.

The Gentlemen of Philadelphia played, at Philadelphia, what was practically a draw game with the Australian cricket eleven.

The Chicago sloop *Vencedor*, designed by Pockel, lost to the Canadian sloop *Canada*, designed by Fife, on Lake Erie off Toledo.

In the contest for the international small-boat trophy,

A NOVEL COMPETITION IN A GYMKHANA—AN "AFFINITY RACE."—DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON.

under the auspices of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, sailed at Oyster Bay, *Glencairn*, designed by J. Herrick Duggan, and owned by James Ross, of Montreal, very easily defeated *El Heirie*, owned and designed by C. H. Crane.

C. E. Archibald came down from Canada with his sailing-canoe *Mab*, and won four Association races.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES HELD AT ATHENS marked the one occasion of our success. America was represented by two teams only—one from the Boston Athletic Association (Arthur Blake, E. H. Clark, Thomas E. Burke, T. P. Curtis, and J. B. Connolly, unattached), and one from Princeton (Robert Garrett, F. A. Lane, A. C. Tyler, and H. B. Jamison). Nine men altogether, and they secured nine first prizes, seven going to Boston.

Running hop, step, and jump, J. B. Connolly, 13.7-10 metres; throwing discus, Robert Garrett, Princeton, 29.15 metres; putting weight, Robert Garrett, Princeton, 11.22 metres; 400-metre race, T. E. Burke, B.A.A., 54 4-5 sec.; 100-metre race (109.36 yards), 12 sec.; running long jump, E. H. Clark, B.A.A., 20 ft. 9 in.; running high jump, E. H. Clark, B.A.A., 5 ft. 11 in.; 110-metre hurdle-race (120.30 yards), T. P. Curtis, B.A.A., 17 3-5 sec.; pole vault, W. W. Hoyt, B.A.A., 10 ft. 10 in. (A metre is equal to 39.371 English inches.)

Garrett twice defeated a Greek champion.

PERHAPS THE MOST GRATIFYING FEATURE of the sporting year of '96 was a very noticeable spread of the proper spirit of athletic competition and a more sympathetic understanding of its ethical side, particularly in the West, where a year ago there was so much to criticise and where to-day there is much to commend. This, of course, is not to say there is no room for further improvement—such may be said of no section in the country I know, East or West. But it is to say the good sound sense of Western men has convinced them that the only way to assure the prosperity of amateur sport is to put it on a healthful basis. There were many institutions in the West last year struggling worthily in the good cause, and the only discordant note in middle Western colleges was sounded by the very one that hitherto had been a leader in athletic reform—Wisconsin, which repudiated some of the rules it was the first to endorse.

Another pleasing feature of the year was a partial quieting of the cry raised by the ignorant and the vicious against the dangers of football. In line with this was the awakening of college faculties and school principals and parents to the wisdom of encouraging and guiding young men in their sport, instead of viewing their endeavors with indifference and their games with disapproval. It has come to be acknowledged nowadays by all thinking men that the sport of boys and of young men is, when properly supervised, healthful morally and physically, and beneficial from many points of view. This is so much more satisfactory and so much wiser than the situation of three or four years ago, when hysteria marked the enthusiasm of those who advocated sport, and ignorance characterized the railings of those that opposed it.

The establishment of a scholarship standard by Pennsylvania at the beginning of the year provided wholesome evidence of a proper understanding of sport and its place at the universities. The day of the athletic dullard has been passing during the last year and has now probably gone, certainly at the leading universities, for it is not likely any other of our prominent colleges will hesitate to follow Pennsylvania's worthy example. To secure a place on a 'varsity team should be considered an honor, and one within reach only of men whose standing in the classroom is at least excellent.

THE TRACK-ATHLETIC YEAR in the colleges was one of great activity, and began by the institution of relay-races at the University of Pennsylvania. Relay-racing is not only interesting in the contests furnished, but desirable in the hope of attracting in time more serious attention to 'cross-country running which now is so much neglected. The inter-collegiate relay-race at the University of Pennsylvania drew entries from the larger universities and from several of the smaller ones, the five-mile event being won by Pennsylvania, and the mile by Harvard.

In the dual college games Harvard defeated Pennsylvania by 65-47; Yale defeated Princeton by 87-25; Pennsylvania defeated Cornell by 73-53; Princeton defeated Columbia by $62\frac{1}{2}$-$49\frac{1}{2}$. There was no contest between Harvard and Yale.

The Western Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association held its second and successful meeting at Chicago, Wisconsin securing 44; Grinnell, 17; Lake Forest, 14; and Chicago 13 points.

At the Eastern Inter-Collegiate Athletic Championships Yale won $43\frac{1}{2}$ points; Pennsylvania, $22\frac{1}{2}$; Harvard, 14; Georgetown, 10; Columbia, $7\frac{1}{2}$ (five of these coming from the bicycle meet, which this year was held separately, and won by Columbia; Yale second); Boston University, 5; Williams, 4; Cornell, 3; and Princeton, 1 point.

At the Southern Inter-Collegiate meeting Vanderbilt University's team easily demonstrated its superiority.

There were no notable performances at the Western meeting, but in the Eastern, B. J. Wefers (who represented Georgetown), in the 100 yards, equalled the world's record of $9\frac{4}{5}$ sec., held by himself and by John Owen, Jun., and in the 220 yards surpassed anything ever done by man, amateur or professional, by covering the distance in the remarkable time of $21\frac{1}{5}$ sec. Winsor of Pennsylvania, in the high jump, put the inter-collegiate record at 6 ft. 1 in., supplanting the 6 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. made by G. R. Fearing, of Harvard, three years ago, and Hollister of Harvard placed the half-mile record at 1 min. $56\frac{4}{5}$ sec., bettering by $\frac{3}{5}$ of a second the late Walter C. Dohm's (Princeton) performance, which had stood since 1890.

IN CLUB TRACK ATHLETICS there was much evidence of reviving interest, due largely, no doubt, to the coming of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, which has succeeded to the home of the old Manhattan.

The New York Athletic Club gave its usual spring and autumn games, and, as usual too, they were of the most interesting and successful of the year. The New Jersey Athletic Club made its Labor-day games as prominent as ever. The Knickerbocker Athletic Club gave its first games, and very successful ones.

The Boston A.A. and the Southern A.C. (New Orleans) each gave games, as did also one or two clubs on the Pacific coast, but there was no general club activity. It was just awakening as the season closed.

The Championships of the Amateur Athletic Union were an improvement on '95; not that the entries were extraordinary nor the performances remarkable, but there were some fifty more entries than in the previous year, and the appearance of a number of comparatively new men and the very greatly improved form of the second class gave signs of renewed activity in the right direction. The New York A. C won first place with 62 points; New Jersey A.C., 26; Pastime A. C., 20; and Knickerbocker A. C., 13. The performances generally were fair.

The two notable names of the athletic year are those of B. J. Wefers, of the New York A. C., and T. E. Burke, of the Boston A. A. Wefers, unquestionably, is one of the greatest sprinters the world has yet seen, and the records to his credit are likely to stand for some time. These are 100 yards in $9\frac{4}{5}$ sec.; 120 yards in $11\frac{4}{5}$ sec.; 220 yards in $21\frac{1}{5}$ sec.; 300 yards in $30\frac{3}{5}$ sec.—all world's records. Besides this, Wefers, in the A. A. U championships, ran against Burke, and was defeated by about three or four yards in $48\frac{4}{5}$ sec.

Burke remains undefeated at his distance, the quarter-mile, his best performance in 1896 having been in the A. A. U. Championships, when he beat Wefers in $48\frac{4}{5}$ sec. At the Knickerbocker A. C. games he tied the world's record of 1 min. 11 sec. for 600 yards. Of other names, the most prominent is that of Ray C. Ewry, La Fayette, Indiana, who, in a standing high jump, did 5 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in., and made a new world's record. The Greek game, throwing the discus, was introduced, and R. Sheldon, Yale, surpassed Grecian performance, and set up an American standard by hurling it 111 ft. 8 in. Louis P. Sheldon won the All-round Individual Championship over Larkin.

With the exception of the run given by the New York Athletic Club in the spring, little was done in 'cross-country running. It is a pity we should not have more of it, since it is the one department in which America is very much inferior to England.

Racquets was given additional life by the appearance, among aspirants to club honors, of two lawn-tennis experts, O. S. Campbell and Valentine G. Hall. Hall won the New York Racquet Club championship, beating such veterans as E. La Montagne and C. L. Perkins, while the second-class tournament was handily captured by Campbell, who won also the first-class fives handicap.

THE MOST PLEASING FEATURE of the college baseball season was the suppression of "muckerish" coaching and absence of attempts by partisan spectators to "rattle" opposing pitchers. Among the larger universities the first game was held at Princeton with Harvard, and Princeton set a most worthy example of good sportsmanship in this respect, which Harvard later equalled in their return game at Cambridge. But Yale failed to follow the example of these two. In the first Yale-Princeton game at New Haven, Yale evinced unsportsmanlike tendencies, which, sadly enough, Princeton met in a spirit of retaliation, and hence the Yale-Princeton games failed to equal the sportsmanly standard set by the Harvard-Princeton games. This was disappointing and condemnatory. The other disappointing feature of the college season was the prominence given professional coachers at Princeton and Harvard. Here, it seems to me, is a direction in which reform should be instituted. I can see no good reason why professional coaching should be permitted to a greater extent in baseball than in any other sport, and professional coaching in any branch of sport is undesirable. Time will prove this.

Princeton put forth one of the heaviest batting nines in collegiate baseball history, winning both the Harvard and Yale series, and attaining unusual fame by defeating Yale at New Haven in their final game. The All-America University Nine for 1896 follows:

Pitcher, Wilson, Princeton; catcher, Murphy, Yale; first base, Letton, Yale; second base, Rodman, Brown; third base, Haughton, Harvard; short-stop, Ward, Princeton; left field, Greenway, Yale; centre field, Bradley, Princeton; right field, Robinson, Brown. Substitutes: Catcher, Dunne, Brown; pitcher, Paine, Harvard; in-fielder, Fultz, Brown; out-fielder, Burgess, Harvard.

In the middle West a very successful baseball season was had, and the most commendable feature of it was the fearless and splendid action of the Michigan faculty in expelling several prominent members of their nine who had disregarded the ethics of amateur sport. The ranking of the middle Western colleges on the season's play was Chicago, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin.

The quality of play in New England was not quite up to its previous standard, though Williams put forth a strong all-round nine, and won the championship.

THE ENTRY OF A YALE EIGHT for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley was the most distinguished event of the college boating season, and although defeated, Yale's visit must be viewed as memorable, first, because of the sportsmanly attitude of the men during their stay in England, and because of the lessons gained by a comparison between a hitherto undefeated American and one of the best of English crews. The other notable event of the boating year was the introduction at Harvard of the English stroke by R. C. Lehmann, the famous Leander captain and coach. A surprising event was the overwhelming defeat of the Yale Freshmen by the Wisconsin 'varsity eight.

The Freshmen and 'varsity races between Cornell, Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Columbia were held at Poughkeepsie, and the course proved, as it had the previous year, satisfactory for a regatta of such dimensions. The notable feature of this quadrangular regatta was the magnificent form of Cornell, which, with its remodelled stroke, showed greatly superior to any of the others. Its Freshmen crew won from Harvard, with Pennsylvania—pulling a most plucky race—a very close third to Harvard; Columbia fourth.

The 'varsity race was a repetition of the Freshman. Cornell rowed away from Harvard in the last mile, and Pennsylvania, again pulling most pluckily, was very close to defeating Harvard for second honors. The Columbia crew went to pieces early in the race, and was distanced.

The regatta of the National Association of American Oarsmen, held on Saratoga Lake, was the twenty-fourth of this Association, and the most satisfactory of late years. The entries were national in character, and in quality superior to what we have been accustomed. J. T. Whitehead won the senior singles, defeating the Canadian champion, E. A. Thompson. E. H Ten Eyck won the intermediate singles. The Winnepeg four won the international $1\frac{1}{4}$-mile straightaway, the New York Athletic Club the intermediate eight, and Baltimore A.C. the senior eight. Ten Eyck's time was better than Whitehead's, which led subsequently to a private match between these two that Ten Eyck won.

IN YACHTING THE INTEREST OF THE YEAR was centred in the duals between *Emerald* and *Colonia* (the latter had been remodelled from sloop to schooner, and revealed remarkable speed, closing the season easily with first honors); and in the series of match races between *Quissetta* and *Amorita*, which the former won handily.

The 30-foot class, although valueless except as a nursery for sailor-men—of which only a few owners availed themselves—furnished some interesting and very exciting racing. On the season's performances *Vaquero*, *Asahi*, *Esperanza*, and *Hera* were the most prominent.

In the international small-boat contest between *Glencairn* and *El Heirie*, the Canadian boat, *Glencairn*, had a very easy time of it. *Canada* as easily won the international Lake championship from *Vencedor*, which had been foolishly entered by her owner under rules that very much handicapped her performance.

The national canoe meet proved the extreme type of the racing-machine pure and simple to have had its day; and that the interest of canoe-men was returning. The trophy sailing-race was won by C. E. Archibald, of Canada, in the *Mab*. He also won the Unlimited race, and the Champlain and the Orillia cups. The trophy paddling-race was won by W. C. Noack, of Detroit, and the Club sailing event by *Vesper*.

LAWN-TENNIS WAS NOT SO ACTIVE in the East, but a great deal more active in the West than hitherto, yet there was the usual number of first-class Eastern tournaments, and the quality of play of the first half-dozen in the ranking equal to any of previous years.

The Neel brothers, C. B. and S. R., after having won the Western doubles championship, easily won the Eastern championship at Narragansett Pier by defeating Hovey and Hobert, and a week later won the National doubles at Newport by defeating Wrenn and Chase. R. D. Wrenn won the singles championship at Newport after a week of most remarkable up-hill and plucky play, during which he beat E. Wrenn, G. L. Wrenn, C. B. Neel, Larned, and Hovey. The feature of the Newport tournament was the improved form of the players that have hitherto been in the second class. Based on the season's work, the ranking of the tennis men for '96 is as follows:

R. D. Wrenn, champion.	E. P. Fischer.
C. B. Neel.	G. L. Wrenn, Jun.
F. H. Hovey, ex-champion.	M. D. Whitman.
W. A. Larned.	L. E. Ware.
R. D. Stevens.	G. P. Sheldon.

THE POLO SEASON WAS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL and showed the highest quality of play we have had in this country. After a schedule that provided interesting matches, the championship of the Association, as in '95, was held on the Prospect Park Parade-Ground, Brooklyn. The three prominent entries were those of Rockaway, Meadow Brook, and Myopia, the '95 champions. Meadow Brook defeated Myopia by $6\frac{3}{4}$ goals to $3\frac{1}{4}$ goals, but subsequently lost in the final round to Rockaway, $6\frac{1}{4}$ goals to 7. This was the fastest and most skilful polo that had been seen in America, and of a higher grade than that of '95 on the same grounds by the same teams. The Meadow Brook team included W. C. Eustis, captain, Benjamin Nicoll, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., C. C. Baldwin, Jun. Rockaway team: John E. Cowdin, captain, G. P. Eustis, Foxhall Keene, and J. S. Stevens.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON EAST, WEST, AND SOUTH was thoroughly satisfactory from every point of view — the average of play higher than hitherto, the tendency to roughing very much less (in fact, where the prominent university teams were concerned, practically *nil*), and the make-up of the teams, ethically speaking, the cleanest we have ever known. On season's play the All-America eleven of '96 is as follows:

1896 ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN.

Baird (Princeton), full-back.
Kelley (Princeton) and Wrightington (Harvard), half-backs.
Fincke (Yale), quarter and captain.
Gailey (Princeton), centre.
Wharton and Woodruff (Pennsylvania), guards.
Church (Princeton) and Murphy (Yale), tackles.
Gelbert (Pennsylvania) and Cabot (Harvard), ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

In the line.

Cochran (Princeton), Rinehart (Lafayette),
F. Shaw and Wheeler (Harvard).

Back of the line.

Smith (Princeton), Minds (Pennsylvania),
Brown and Dunlop (Harvard).

THE BICYCLING YEAR, ethically speaking, was, after the experiences of '95, most comforting. The abolition of Class B put into the professional ranks the men who had been masquerading as amateurs and very much cleared the atmosphere, although some manufacturers continue the scandalous and dishonest practice of secretly paying successful riders. George D. Gideon, the chairman of the Racing Committee, has done yeoman service in ferreting out these offenders, but it looks as though no power short of one given by the Bicycling Board of Trade to heavily fine offending manufacturers will be of effectual avail. The present rule, permitting amateurs and professionals to compete together at the National Championships, is most unfair to the amateur, and should be revised. The National Championships were held at Louisville, Kentucky; no new amateur records being made, although the performances generally were very fair. The one-mile flying-start paced record, $1.47\frac{1}{5}$, was made by A. B. Hughes at Denver; the one-mile competition record, 2 min. $\frac{3}{5}$ sec., made also at Denver, by Frank Desmond, Jun.

Review of '96 golf season reserved for next issue.

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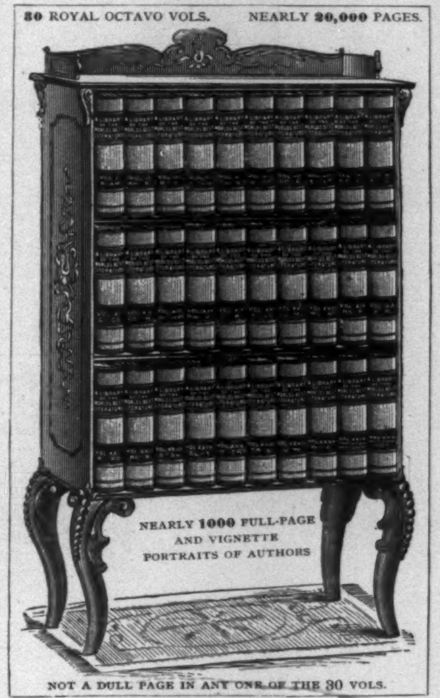

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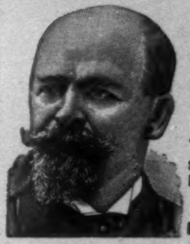

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